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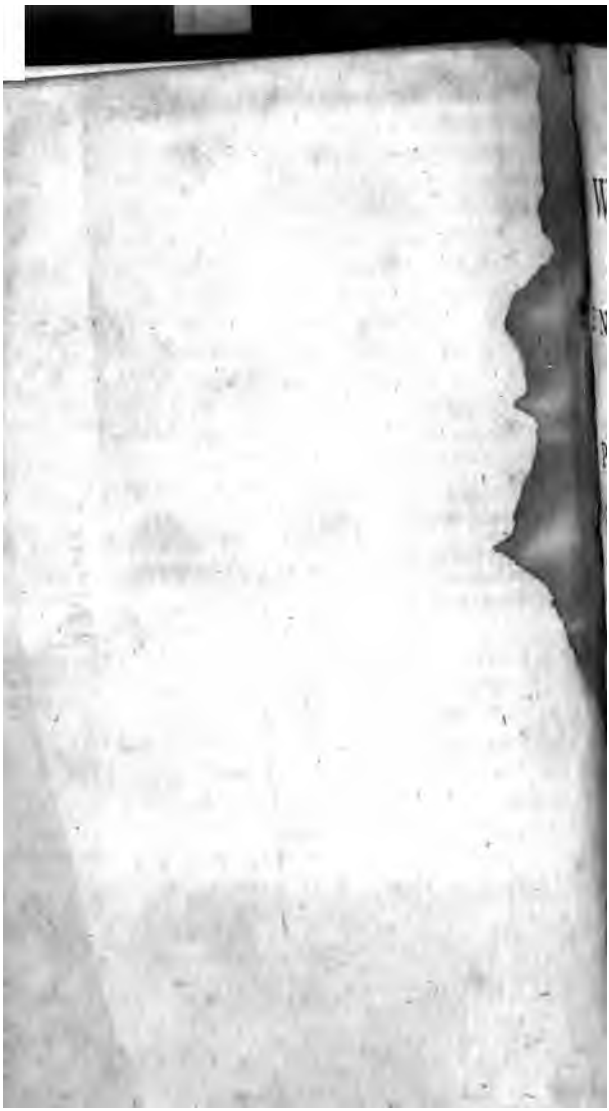

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

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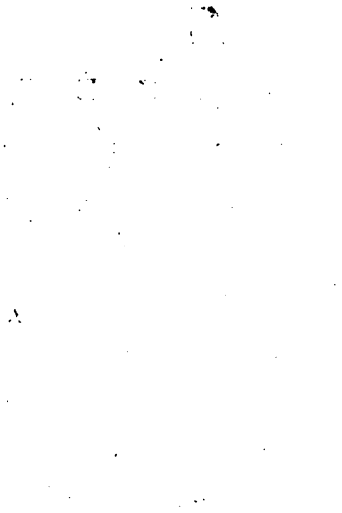
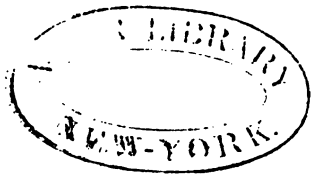


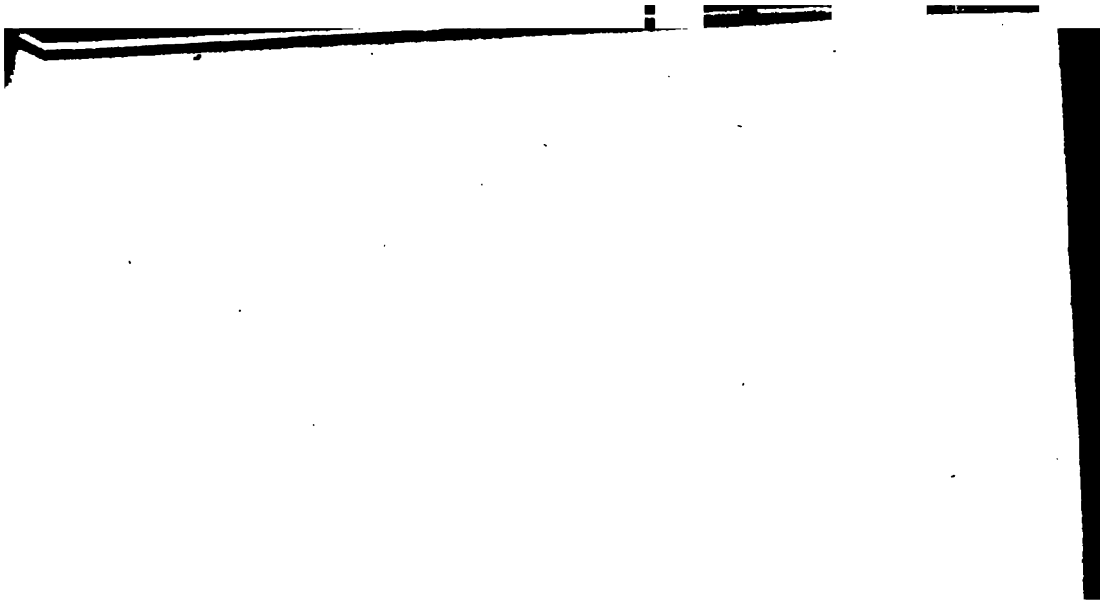
THE

POEMS

OF

SAVAGE.





THE WANDERER:

A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

"Nulla mali nova mî facies inopinave surgit."
VIRG.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN

ORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,

Baron CHARLEVILLE, and Lord BROWNLOWE,

Knight of the BATH.

MY LORD,

)ART of this poem had the honour of your Lord-ſhip's peruſal when in manuſcript; and it was no all pride to me, when it met wi approbation from diſtinguiſhing a judge: ſhould the reſt find the like lulgence, I ſhall have no occaſion (whatever its ſuc-s may be in the world) to repent the labour it has t me—But my intention is not to purſue a diſcourſe my own performance; no, my Lord, it is to em-ace this opportunity of throwing out ſentiments that ate to your Lordſhip's goodneſs, the generoſity of ich, give me leave to ſay, I have greatly expe-nced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on e Great, in former times, generally terminated in

diſappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called ſuch) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till thoſe, who lingered in the want of it, grew almoſt paſt the ſenſe of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half canceled the obligation, and, perchance, muſt have been acquired too by ſome previous act of guilt in the receiver, the conſequence of which was remorſe and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordſhip, and the preſent Miniſtry, is an aſſurance of ſucceſs. I am perſuaded, diſtreſs, in many other inſtances, affects your ſoul with a compaſſion, that always ſhews itſelf in a manner moſt humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deſerve your friendſhip is to deſerve the countenance of the beſt of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordſhip's converſation (permit me to ſpeak but juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furniſhed with the fineſt obſervations upon human nature, and to receive, from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet, and winning candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite maxims—ſuch as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could alſo take notice of your many public-ſpirited ſervices to your country in Parliament, and your conſtant attachment to Liberty, and the Royal, Illuſtrious Houſe of our Moſt Gracious Sovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds

are

are the nobleſt and fitteſt orators to ſpeak your praiſe, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordſhip's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been ſo lately ſhed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings ſhall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordſhip's goodneſs to me. I muſt, in fine, ſay with Horace,

" Quod ſpiro, & placeo, (ſi placeo) tuum eſt.

I am, with the higheſt gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful

and devoted ſervant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE WANDERER.

A VISION.

CANTO I.

AIN would my verſe, Tyrconnel, boaſt thy name,
Brownlowe, at once my ſubject and my fame!
could that ſpirit, which thy boſom warms,
oſe ſtrength ſurprizes, and whoſe goodneſs charms!
t various worth! could that inſpire my lays,
y ſhould ſmile, and Cenſure learn to praiſe:
though unequal to a ſoul like thine,
enerous ſoul, approaching to divine,
en bleſs'd beneath ſuch patronage I write,
at my attempt, though hazardous my flight.
'er ample Nature I extend my views;
ire to rural ſcenes invites the Muſe:
flies all public care, all venal ſtrife,
try the ſtill, compar'd with active life;
prove, by theſe the ſons of men may owe
fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
t ev'n calamity, by thought refin'd,
irits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, Contemplation, whoſe unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the courſe of things ſurveys;
Who in thyſelf the various view canſt find
Of ſea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
What tides of paſſion in the boſom roll;
What thoughts debaſe, and what exalt the ſoul,
Whoſe pencil paints, obſequious to thy will,
All thou ſurvey'ſt, with a creative ſkill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, ſequeſter'd ſhade!
Awhile in wintery wilds vouchſafe thy aid!
Then waft me to ſome olive, bowery green,
Where, cloath'd in white, thou ſhew'ſt a mind ſerene;
Where kind Content from noiſe and court retires,
And ſmiling ſits, while Muſes tune their lyres:
Where Zephyrs gently breathe, while Sleep profound
To their ſoft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treaſure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee beſtow'd; whence Fancy colour'd ſhines,
And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in viſionary light.

The ſolar fires now faint and watery burn,
Juſt where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth iſſue, from its mouth ſevere,
Raw clouds, that ſadden all th' inverted year.

When Froſt and Fire with martial powers engag'd,
Froſt, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the Pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerleſs ſcenes by Deſolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he ſits enthron'd!

One

One clay-cold hand, his cryſtal beard ſuſtains,
And ſcepter'd one, o'er wind and tempeſt reigns;
O'er ſtony magazines of hail, that ſtorm
The bloſſom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe ſnow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that ſtrikes petrific death.
Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain,
That, ſhut againſt the ſun's diſſolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquiſh'd day,
And ſtretching eaſtward half the world ſecures,
Defies diſcovery, and like time endures!
Now Froſt ſent boreal blaſts to ſcourge the air,
To bind the ſtreams, and leave the landſcape bare;
Yet when, far weſt, his violence declines,
Though here the brook, or lake, his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!
The falling moon caſt, cold, a quivering light,
Juſt ſilver'd o'er the ſnow, and ſunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey miſts aroſe!
Shrill chants the cock!—the hungry heifer lows!
Slow bluſh yon breaking clouds;—the ſun 's uproll'd!
Th' expanſive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting faffron luſtre from his beams.

O Con-

O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, ſome diſtant ſhore!
From Sleep a dream diſtinct and lively claim;
Clear let the viſion ſtrike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my ſoul ſerene!
Still Morn begins, and Froſt retains the ſcene!
Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun
From rock to vale ſweet-wandering echoes run!
Still floats the ſound ſhrill-winding from afar!
Wild beaſts aſtoniſh'd dread the ſylvan war!
Spears to the ſun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briſkly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geeſe, and the wing'd winter-brc
Chatter diſcordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds
Sudden a thouſand different jargon-ſounds,
Like jangling bells, harſh mingling, grate the ear!
All ſtare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And ſmoaky Fate ſpeeds thundering through the gloo
Stop'd ſhort, they ceaſe in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.
Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I ſtand,
Eſtrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the ſcene unknown!
Where ſhall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?
From hilly wilds, and depths where ſnows remai
My winding ſteps up a ſteep mountain ſtrain!
Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills ſubſide,
And towers aſpire, but with inferior pride!

On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter ſhades the ground!
Hoarſe, and direct, a bluſtering north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick-ruſtling, crack the criſped ſnows!
Tangles of froſt half-fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering ſky!
Hence down the ſide two turbid rivulets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!
While pleas'd the watery progreſs I purſue,
Yon rocks in rough aſſemblage ruſh in view!
In form an amphitheatre they riſe;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd ſight with dizzy weakneſs fails,
And horror o'er the firmeſt brain prevails!
Thither theſe mountain-ſtreams their paſſage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-ſwelling, ſo redundant grows,
From the heap'd ſtore deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels through a diſtant wood,
And thence emerging, meets a ſiſter-flood;
Mingled they flaſh on a wide-opening plain,
And paſs yon city to the far-ſeen main.
So blend two ſouls by heaven for union made,
And ſtrengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in every tranſient turn their aim,
Through finite life to infinite the ſame.
Nor ends the landſcape—Ocean, to my ſight,
Points a blue arm, where ſailing ſhips delight,
In proſpect leſſen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high,
Stretch a croſs-ridge, and bar the curious eye;

There

There lies obſcur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral 's rent away.
In conic form there gelid cryſtal grows;
Through ſuch the palace lamp, gay luſtre throws!
Luſtre, which, through dim night, as various plays
As play from yonder ſnows the changeful rays!
For nobler uſe the cryſtal's worth may riſe,
If tubes perſpective hem the ſpotleſs prize;
Through theſe the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Meaſure known ſtars, and new remoter ſpy.
Hence Commerce many a ſhorten'd voyage ſteers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's ſoul etherial flight eſſays;
Inſtructive there from orb to orb ſhe ſtrays;
Sees, round new countleſs ſuns, new ſyſtems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky ſide enrich'd the ſummer ſcene,
And peaſants ſearch for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortleſs it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's diſguiſe.
There, while without the ſounding tempeſt ſwells,
Incav'd ſecure th' exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when Nature owns prolific ſpring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coaſt the far-fam'd fiſh deſcry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While ſhells, a ſcatter'd ornament beſtow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the ſhowery bow.
Yon limeleſs ſands, looſe-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons uſeful texture find,

Til

Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing maſs
Brightens, and brightening hardens into glaſs.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon ſea forgets to rave;
Though laſh'd by ſtorms, which naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in ſparkles ſeems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each ſafe neſt on a calm ſurface floats.
Now veers the wind full eaſt; and keen, and ſore,
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, Man! —A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy ſtrength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minuteſt nerve let anguiſh ſeize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (ſo frail our eaſe!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unallay'd,
They ſmart, and ſwell, and throb, and ſhoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! ſcarce through my veins it glides!
Sure on each blaſt a ſhivering ague rides!
Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forſake,
And to the vale a different winding take!
Half I deſcend: my ſpirits faſt decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Cloſe with this ſtage a precipice combines;
Whence ſtill the ſpacious country far declines!
The herds ſeem inſects in the diſtant glades,
And men diminiſh'd, as, at noon, their ſhades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are ſeen
Grey leafleſs wood, and winter-greens between!

The

The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly ſhows,
And matted miſtletoe, the white, beſtows!
Though loſt the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Though on broad oaks no vernal umbrage ſhoots!
Theſe boughs, the ſilene'd ſhivering ſongſters ſeek!
Theſe foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary manſion of Deſpair!
The water of the mountain-road, half-ſtray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown caſcade.

Has Nature this rough, naked piece deſign'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has.- Approach'd, appears a deep deſcent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling ſound of footſteps haſtening near!
A death-like chillneſs thwarts my panting breaſt:
Soft! the wiſh'd object ſtands at length confeſt!
Of youth his form!—But why with anguiſh bent?
Why pin'd with ſallow marks of diſcontent?
Yet Patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raiſe hope, and ſmiles away deſpair.
Compaſſion, in his eye, ſurveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haſte,
(He ſays,) nor let warm thanks thy ſpirits waſte!
All fear forget——Each portal I poſſeſs,
Duty wide-opens to receive diſtreſs.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!

And now, in ſquar'd diviſions, I ſurvey
Chambers ſequeſter'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perſpective ſcene.
In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to ſweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Through the bor'd rock above, the ſmoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's ſpread,
Crown'd with a neapy caniſter of bread.
A maple cup is next diſpatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the ſalutary ſpring:
Nor mourn we abſent bleſſings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of roſy wine;
And ſavoury cates, upon clear embers caſt,
Lie hiſſing, till ſnatch'd off; a rich repaſt!
Soon leap my ſpirits with enliven'd power,
And in gay converſe glides the feaſtful hour.
The Hermit, thus: Thou wonder'ſt at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, beſtows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill'd life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unaſk'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that GOD, (who, in the time of need,
In frozen deſerts can the raven feed)
Well-ſought, will delegate ſome pitying breaſt,
His ſecond means, to ſuccour man diſtreſt.
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aſpect gloom'd;
Then he, with ſmile humane, his voice reſum'd.

I'm

I'm juſt inform'd, (and laugh me not to ſcorn)
By one unſeen by thee, thou'rt Engliſh-born.
Of England I—To me the Britiſh ſtate
Riſes, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here ſtand we conſcious:—Diffidence ſuſpend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muſe extend
To grots, where Contemplation ſmiles ſerene,
Where angels viſit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices riſe,
Catch the rapt ſoul, and waft it to the ſkies?
This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful ſcenes thy eyes ſhall here behold,
Think ſubjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
What cannot Induſtry completely raiſe?
Be the whole earth in one great landſcape found,
By Induſtry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hues the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the ſword to ſmite; he ſheaths the ſteel,
Draws health from herbs, and ſhews the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe ſupplies;
Or bids young plants in future foreſts riſe;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the diſtant ocean ſway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth encreaſe,
The bliſsful child of Liberty and Peace.
He ſcoops the ſtubborn Alps, and, ſtill employ'd,
Fills, with ſoft fertile mould, the ſteril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, ſmall, yellow harveſts grow,
And, green on terrac'd ſtages, vineyards blow!

By

By him fall mountains to a level ſpace,
An iſthmus ſinks, and ſunder'd ſeas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked ſhore,
And deſolation ſtarves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics ſtand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conqueſt with his fenceful mound.
Ev'n mid the watery world his Venice roſe,
Each fabric there, as Pleaſure's ſeat he ſhows!
There marts, ſports, councils, are for action ſought,
Landſcapes for health, and ſolitude for thought.
What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
A manſion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou haſt view'd!—If further we explore,
Let Induſtry deſerve applauſe the more.
No frowning care yon bleſt apartment ſees,
There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of eaſe.
Kind dreams, that fly remorſe, and pamper'd wealth,
There ſhed the ſmiles of innocence and health.
Mark!—Here deſcends a grot, delightful ſeat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers ſummer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a ſpring diſtils!
In mournful meaſures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of diſtant doves, receiv'd around,
In ſoothing mixture, ſwell the watery ſound;
And hence the ſtreamlets ſeek the terrace' ſhade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Paſs on—New ſcenes, by my creative power,
Invite Reflection's ſweet and ſolemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, ſtood
Th' inſtructive volumes of the wiſe and good.
Theſe friends (ſaid he) though I deſert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time diſplays,
I know; each work ſome ſeraph here conveys,
Retirement thus preſents my ſearchful thought,
What heaven inſpir'd, and what the Muſe has taught
What Young ſatiric and ſublime has writ,
Whoſe life is virtue, and whoſe Muſe is wit.
Rapt I foreſee thy Mallet's * early aim
Shine in full worth, and ſhoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of inſtructive years.
In Hill is all that generous ſouls revere,
To Virtue and the Muſe for ever dear:
And Thomſon, in this praiſe, thy merit ſee,
The tongue, that praiſes merit, praiſes thee.
Theſe ſcorn (ſaid I) the verſe-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, uſeleſs page;
To whoſe dim faculty the meaning ſong
Is glaring, or obſcure, when clear, and ſtrong;
Who, in cant phraſes, gives a work diſgrace;
His wit, and oddneſs of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an eſſay,
In ſome low libel a mean heart diſplay;
Thoſe, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, deſpiſe,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmleſs dies.

O

* He had then juſt written THE EXCURSION.

Or ſhould ſome nobler bard, their worth, unpraiſe,
Deſerting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each ſcience ſhews the ſame,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the ſhock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, ſtill proceed, with ſacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.
  Let Envy, he replied, all ireful riſe,
Envy purſues alone the brave and wiſe;
Maro and Socrates inſpire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praiſe!
All their bright honours ruſh into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought ſedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate;
Profound as reaſon, and as juſtice clear;
Soft as compaſſion, yet as truth ſevere;
As bounty copious, as perſuaſion ſweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, ſo ſublime her views,
His life is almoſt equal'd by his Muſe.
  O Pope!—Since Envy is decreed by fate,
Since ſhe purſues alone the wiſe and great;
In one ſmall, emblematic landſcape ſee,
How vaſt a diſtance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence ſurveys our ſcene
(A hill, where all is clear, and all ſerene).

Rude earth-bred ſtorms o'er meaner valleys blow,
And wandering miſts roll, blackening, far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.
Thus I. From what dire cauſe can envy ſpring?
Or why emboſom we a viper's ſting?
'Tis Envy ſtings our darling paſſion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty ſoul replied)
Why chuſe we miſeries? Moſt derive their birth
From one bad ſource—we dread ſuperior worth;
Prefer'd, it ſeems a ſatire on our own;
Then heedleſs to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abſtract our views, and Envy ſhow,
Whence ſprings the miſery, pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: By wiſdom's power,
We ſhun the weight of many a reſtleſs hour——
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the ſcheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole, am part—the joy men ſee,
Muſt circulate, and ſo revolve to me.
Why ſhould I then of private loſs complain?
Of loſs, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wiſh'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but ſupplied, when vales are drown'd;
If, with ſoft moiſture ſwell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds but at my welfare's call deſcend?
Shall gravity for me her laws ſuſpend?

or me ſhall ſuns their noon-tide courſe forbear?
r motion not ſubſiſt to influence air?
et the means vary, be they froſt, or flame,
hy end, O Nature! ſtill remains the ſame!
: this the motive of a wiſe man's care,—
o ſhun deſerving ills, and learn to bear.

CANTO II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wiſe, he ſhows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows.
outh, though depreſs'd, through all his form appears;
hrough all his ſentiments the depth of years.
hus he—Yet farther Induſtry behold,
hich conſcious waits new wonders to unfold.
iter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
he hallow'd rites, that check the growth of ſin.
hen firſt we met, how ſoon you ſeem'd to know
y boſom, labouring with the throbs of woe!
ch racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouſe thoſe cares,
i my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
hen moping Frenzy ſtrove my thoughts to ſway,
re prudent labours chac'd her power away.
ill, and rough-riſing from yon ſculptur'd wall,
ld prophets nations to repentance call!
eek martyrs ſmile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
id muſe-like cherubs tune their harps in ſtone!

Next ſhadow'd light a rounding force beſtows,
Swells into life, and ſpeaking action grows!
Here pleaſing, melancholy ſubjects find,
To calm, amuſe, exalt the penſive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And ſemblant thoughts, that earthly pomp deſpiſe.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Looſe-veil'd, in negligence of charms ſhe kneels.
Though dreſs, near-ſtor'd, its vanity ſupplies,
The vanity of dreſs unheeded lies.
The ſinful world in ſorrowing eye ſhe keeps,
As o'er Jeruſalem Meſſiah weeps.
One hand her boſom ſmites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
Since evil outweighs good, and ſways mankind,
True fortitude aſſumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Meſſiah's, though to ſuffering born,
To penury, repulſe, reproach, and ſcorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his ſlight deſign'd;
The weary'd virgin by a ſtream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm expreſs,
A modeſt charm, that dignifies diſtreſs.
Boughs o'er their heads with bluſhing fruits depend,
Which angels to her buſied conſort bend.
Hence by the ſmiling infant ſeems diſcern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.
Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aſpires!
Full on his followers burſts a flood of rays,
Proſtrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!

Like

oon-tide ſummer-ſuns the rays appear,
erable, magnificent, and near!
at ſcene of agony the garden brings;
ip of gall; the ſuppliant King of kings!
own of thorns; the croſs, that felt him die;
languid in the ſketch, unfiniſh'd lie.
re, from the dead, centurions ſee him riſe,
ut ſtruck down with horrible ſurprize!
: firſt glory ſeem'd a ſun at noon,
afts the ſilver ſplendor of the moon.
: peopled day, th' aſcending God ſurveys!
lory varies, as the myriads gaze!
often'd, like a ſun at diſtance ſeen,
through a cloud bright-glancing, yet ſerene!
aſt-encreaſing to the croud amaz'd,
me vaſt meteor high in æther rais'd!
labour, yon high-vaulted altar ſtains
lies, that emulate ætherial plains.
nvex glaſs, which in that opening glows,
ircling rays a pictur'd Saviour ſhows!
it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
rom the God, a ſhowery radiance fall.
ning the ſcene beneath! a ſcene divine!
ſaints, clouds, ſeraphs, intermingled ſhine!
: water-falls, that play melodious round,
ſweet organ, ſwell a lofty ſound!
lemn notes bid earthly paſſions fly,
l my cares, and lift my ſoul on high!
: monumental marble—this I rear
:—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!

He ſtopt—pathetic ſighs the pauſe ſupply,
And the prompt tear ſtarts, quivering, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were ſeen,
An imag'd beauty ſtretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia ſtrung;
Leaning, from high, a liſtening angel hung!
Friendſhip, whoſe figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate creſt, ſuſtains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands, that claſp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering ſeraphs raiſe,
Which opening heaven upon the roof diſplays!
And two, benevolent, leſs-diſtant, hold
A vaſe, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
Theſe from the heart, by Friendſhip held, ariſe,
Odorous as incenſe gathering in the ſkies.
In the fond pelican is love expreſt,
Who opens to her young her tender breaſt.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a faulcon ſtruck!—in wild deſpair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! deſtroys
The tender conſort of my cares and joys!
Again ſoft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd ſounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmoſt thought I know!
Too well ev'n ſilence tells the ſtory'd woe!
To his my ſighs, to his my tears reply!
I ſtray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!
Next, on the wall, her ſcenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!

Cherubs

Cherubs a profer'd crown of glory ſhow,
Ey'd wiſtful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent diſpos'd her hands,
One ſhows her breaſt, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit ſeiz'd!—o'er all his ſoul,
The ſoft, wild, wailing, amorous paſſion ſtole!
In ſtedfaſt gaze his eyes her aſpect keep,
Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the ſwelling grief that ſtreams again.
Where now is my philoſophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reaſon, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of bleſſings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t' imbitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level firſt my head?
Why muſt I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her ſoul was truth!
Oh, ſhe was dear! How dear, what words can ſay?
She dies!—my heaven at once is ſnatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I roſe a wealthy and illuſtrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' inſtructive, pleaſing, academic grove?
That in the ſenate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to ſhine?
That love ſhower'd bleſſings too—far more than all
High-rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are theſe, which ev'n the wiſe adore?
Loſt is my pride!—Olympia is no more!

Had

Had I, ye perſecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at beſt, its ſcorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to ſhame, to ruthleſs cenſure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief ſupplies!
But a loſt wife!—there! there diſtraction lies!
Now three ſad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief!
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous ſeat,
(My brother's now) to ſeek ſome dark retreat:
Mid cloiſter'd ſolitary tombs I ſtray,
Deſpair and horror lead the cheerleſs way!
My ſorrow grows to ſuch a wild exceſs,
Life, injur'd life, muſt wiſh the paſſion leſs!
Olympia!—My Olympia 's loſt! (I cry)
Olympia 's loſt, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The ſwelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghoſts to ſcream, as through lone aiſles they ſweep;
The ſhrines to ſhudder, and the ſaints to weep!
Now grief and rage, by gathering ſighs ſuppreſt,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breaſt!
With ſtruggling ſtarts, each vital ſtring they ſtrain,
And ſtrike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my ſunk ſpirits frowns a vapoury ſcene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of ſpleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erſpreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts and ſecret terrors dwell!
Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleaſing truths here mortify the vain!

Here

Here Learning, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here firſt Credulity on Reaſon won!
And here falſe Zeal myſterious rants begun!
Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
And Superſtition owes to Spleen her fear!
Fantaſtic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In ſwift ſhort ſignals flaſh the burſting day!
Above, beneath, acroſs, around, they fly!
A dire deception ſtrikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin ſevere!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-baniſh'd ſpirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all-obſcene, ſhed baneful damps around!
Now whiſpers, trembling in ſome feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets-in more than day.
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic ſhades, and myſtic light!
Some drive with rapid ſteeds the ſhining car!
Theſe nod from thrones! Thoſe thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the deluſive ſhow,
Start from wild joy, and fix in ſtupid woe.
Here the lone hour a blank of life diſplays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raiſe;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and ſunk!—A robe ſhe wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.

A mir-

A mirror in one hand collective ſhows,
Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes.
This endleſs foe to generous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for eaſe; but lolls in vain;
She muſes o'er her woe-embroider'd veſt,
And ſelf-abhorrence heightens in her breaſt.
To ſhun her care, the force of ſleep ſhe tries,
Still wakes her mind, though ſlumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from place to place,
With reſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the ſun, and curſes every ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim ſpectres dance! Again her eye ſhe rears;
Then from the blood-ſhot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then preſſes hard her brow, with miſchief fraught,
Her brow half burſts with agony of thought!
From me (ſhe cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Born of Deſpair, and Suicide my name!
Why ſhould thy life a moment's pain endure!
Here every object proffers grief a cure.
She points where leaves of hemlock blackening ſhoot!
Fear not! pluck! eat (ſaid ſhe) the ſovereign root!
Then Death, revers'd, ſhall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy ſight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, poſſeſs a watery grave,
And leave wild ſorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from miſery frees!
She wounds her breaſt!—the guilty ſteel I ſeize!
Straight, where ſhe ſtruck, a ſmoaking ſpring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimſon'd floor,

She

She faints! ſhe fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
And now, unſtartling, fix the dire reſolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia ſmiles!
He points the paſſage to the ſeats divine,
Where poets, heroes, ſainted lovers ſhine!
I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breaſt the threatening point deſcends;
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice reſounds—Ariſe! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'ſt thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-ſought eaſe ſhall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
And zeal by perſecution's rage refines.
By woe, the ſoul to daring action ſwells;
By woe, in paintleſs patience it excels;
From patient, prudent dear experience ſprings,
And traces knowledge through the courſe of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs.
The vaniſh'd fiend thus ſent a hollow voice.
Would'ſt thou be happy? ſtraight be death thy choice.
How mean are thoſe, who paſſively complain;
While active ſouls, more free, their fetters ſtrain!
Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs;
On earth ſucceſs muſt in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.

Never

Never the world of ſpirits thus—their reſt
Untouch'd! entire!—once happy, ever bleſt!
Earneſt the heavenly voice reſponſive cries,
Oh, liſten not to ſubtilty unwiſe!
Thy guardian ſaint, who mourns thy hapleſs fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign ſhore;
There in a cell thy laſt remains be ſpent;
Away! deceive Deſpair, and find Content!
I heard, obey'd; nor more of Fate complain'd;
Long ſeas I meaſur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge ſerpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—he rages now for food,
Meets my firſt glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears ſpire on ſpire! His ſcales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burniſh'd in the ſun! ſuch height they gain,
They dart green luſtre on the diſtant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful ſlope, he ſtoops his creſt,
Furious to fix on my unſhielded breaſt!
Juſt as he ſprings, my ſabre ſmites the foe!
Headleſs he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though ſtrength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiſs the gaſping mouth deceives;
The lengthening trunk ſlow-looſens every fold,
Lingers in life: then ſtretches ſtiff, and cold.
Juſt as th' inveterate ſon of miſchief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the ſpot deſcends:

I hail

I hail this omen! all bad paſſions ceaſe,
Lik the ſlain ſnake, and all within is peace.
Next, to religion this plain roof I raiſe!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze;
I bid due incenſe on my altars ſmoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke!
She hears! ſhe comes!—My heart what raptures warm?
All my Olympia ſparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of death ſhe bears!
Each roſeate look a quickening tranſport wears!
A robe of light, high wrought, her ſhape inveſts;
Unzon'd the ſwelling beauty of her breaſts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring reſumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then, thus, (while nearer ſhe avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!—muſt I a ſhade purſue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou ſwimm'ſt before my view!
Dipt in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, ſtrengthen'd, bear the ſhine;
Still thus I urge (for ſtill the ſhadowy bliſs
Shuns the warm graſp, nor yields the tender kiſs)
Oh, fly not!—fade not! liſten to love's call!
She lives! no more I'm man!—I'm ſpirit all!
Then let me ſnatch thee!—preſs thee!—take me whole!
Oh, cloſe!—yet cloſer!—cloſer to my ſoul!
Twice, round her waiſt, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy claſp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy huſband kneel,
And judge! O judge what agonies I feel!

Oh!

Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's ſhape, and fright me to deſpair!
Rather than thus, unpitying, ſee my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in ſtone!
But mock not thus!—Alas (the charmer ſaid,
Smiling, and in her ſmile ſoft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded ſtrength employ,
To claſp a ſhade!—What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliſs is, like his knowledge, but ſurmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain diſguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wiſh been ſtill poſſeſt)
Supremely curſt from being greatly bleſt;
For oh! ſo fair, ſo dear was I to thee,
Thou hadſt forgot thy God, to worſhip me;
This he foreſaw, and ſnatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flouriſh in unfading bloom.
Think me not loſt: for thee I heaven implore!
Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
I, when abſtracted from this world you ſeem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream!
Cloſe at thy ſide, when morning ſtreaks the air,
In Muſic's voice I wake thy mind to prayer!
By me, thy hymns, like pureſt incenſe, riſe,
Fragrant with grace, and pleaſing to the ſkies!
And when that form ſhall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my ſoul and thine!)
When thy lov'd ſpirit mounts to realms of light,
Then ſhall Olympia aid thy earlieſt flight;
Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aſpire
Beyond all youth, all ſenſe, and all deſire.

She

She ended. Still ſuch ſweetneſs dwells behind,
Th' inchanting voice ſtill warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied viſion fleets away!—
—Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, ſtay!
Yet ſtay— for thee my memory leans to ſmart!
Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner ſhall ſplendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, ſo pure, ſo vaſt as mine, decay!
From the ſame heavenly ſource its luſtre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet miſtreſs of my ſoul, return, return!
Alas!—ſhe's fled—I traverſe now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footſteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of ſorrow, ſhed.
Sighs choak my words, unable to expreſs
The pangs, the throbs of ſpeechleſs tenderneſs!
Not with more ardent, more tranſparent flame,
Call dying ſaints on their Creator's name,
Than I on her's;—but through yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor!
The roof ſwift-kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living luſtre flame around!
In all the majeſty of light array'd,
Awful it ſhines!—'tis Cato's honour'd ſhade!
As I the heavenly viſitant purſue,
Sublimer Glory opens to my view!
He ſpeaks!—But, oh! what words ſhall dare repeat
His thoughts!—They leave me fir'd with patriot heat!

More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike paſſion, public zeal!
But from my frailty, it receives a ſtain,
I grow, unlike my great inſpirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the buſy world to know,
And would, in ſcenes of action foremoſt glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to ſolitary love.
She tells me truth, prefers an humble ſtate,
That genuine greatneſs ſhuns the being great!
That mean are thoſe, who falſe-term'd honour prize;
Whoſe fabricks from their country's ruin riſe;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
I hear!—through all my veins new tranſports roll!
I gaze!—warm love comes ruſhing on my ſoul:
Raviſh'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
Cato returns!—Zeal takes her courſe to reign!
But zeal is in ambition loſt again!
I'm now the ſlave of fondneſs!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns ſubſide!
Theſe balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happineſs ſerene;
This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I replied,
O Hermit! thou art worth ſeverely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repoſe.

When

When ſeeking joy, we ſeldom ſorrow miſs,
And often miſery points the path to bliſs.
The ſoil, moſt worthy of the thrifty ſwain,
Is wounded thus, ere truſted with the grain;
The ſtruggling grain muſt work obſcure its way,
Ere the firſt green ſprings upward to the day;
Up-ſprung, ſuch weed-like coarſeneſs it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permiſſive graze;
Then ſhoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harveſt crowns the year.

CANTO III.

THUS free our ſocial time from morning flows
Till riſing ſhades attempt the day to cloſe.
Thus my new friend: Behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-weſt, behind yon hill, the ſloping ſun,
To ocean's verge his fluent courſe has run:
His parting eyes a watery radiance ſhed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd, the ſhadowy gulfs, below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd ſnow.
Now dance the ſtars, where Veſper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unſeen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue ſteep, her crimſon orb now ſhines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,

In ared crefcent ſeen: Her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quivering in reflecting ſtreams.
Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet ſlow-riſing glare!
See! flames, condens'd now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs ſeem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Through ranks of pines, her broken luſtre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting ſhade beſtows,
And, glittering, ſports upon the ſpangled ſnows.
Now ſilver turn her beams!—yon den they gain;
The big, rouz'd lion ſhakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monſters, all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-reſounding roar.
O dire preſage!—But fear not thou, my friend,
Our ſteps the guardians of the juſt attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now ſurvey,
How men and ſpirits chace the night away!
Yon nymphs and ſwains in amorous mirth advance;
To breathing muſic moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
Skimming in rapid ſteds the crackling ſnow.
Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
Shot his light car along in ſwifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with ſtable tread, and level'd eye,
Lift, and diſmiſs the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force ſuperior, not with ſkill ſo true,
The ponderous diſk from Roman ſinews flew.

Where

Where neighbouring hills ſome cloudy ſheet ſuſtain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a penſile plain,
Croſs the roof'd hollow rolls the maſſy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks reſound!
Cenſures, diſputes, and laughs, alternate, riſe;
And deafening clangor thunders up the ſkies.
Thus, amid crowded images, ſerene,
From hour to hour we paſſ'd, from ſcene to ſcene:
Faſt wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way:
Vain ſteps! the city yet far diſtant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder ſpoke,
Methought, with new amuſement, ſilence broke:
Yon amber-hued caſcade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and ſtrays along the trackleſs ſkies
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they ſpring,
Meaſur'd to pipe or harp!—and next they ſtand,
Marſhal'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In froſt-work now delight the ſportive kind:
Now court wild fancy in the whiſtling wind.
Hark! the funereal bell's deep-ſounding toll,
To bliſs, from miſery, calls ſome righteous ſoul!
Juſt freed from life, life ſwift-aſcending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder ſpire!
Light claps its wings!—it views, with pitying ſight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high wrought, that blackening nods in air;
The ſlow-pac'd weeping pomp; the ſolemn prayer;
The decent tomb; the verſe, that Sorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance ſweet, fair virtue lives.

Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
And ſhades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiſeleſs gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!—from the north, what ſtreaming meteors pour!
Beneath Bootes ſprings the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories ſhoot in rays of gold.
Croſs æther ſwift elance the vivid fires!
As ſwift again each pointed flame retires!
In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And ſanguine enſigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled ſtate.
Thus comets, dreadful viſitants! ariſe
To them wild omens! ſcience to the wiſe!
Theſe mark the comet to the ſun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre ſhine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail diſplays,
And lights all æther with the ſweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And ſhoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
By worlds, whoſe people, all-aghaſt with fear,
May view that miniſter of vengeance near!
Till now, the tranſient glow, remote and loſt,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving froſt!
Or when it, ſun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th'ætherial plain!
The learn'd-one curious eyes it from afar,
Sparkling through night, a new illuſtrious ſtar!

The

The moon, deſcending, ſaw us now purſue
The various talk:—the city near in view!
Here from ſtill-life (he cries) avert thy ſight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or ſhame the night!
But, heedful, each immodeſt proſpect fly;
Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reaſon's glory is to quell deſire.
What are thy fruits, O Luſt? Short bleſſings, bought
With long remorſe, the ſeed of bitter thought;
Perhaps ſome babe to dire diſeaſes born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preſerve a mother's fame;
Or caſt obſcure; the child of want and ſhame!
Falſe pride! What vices on our conduct ſteal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! thoſe words command;
So near ſhall cruelty, and mother ſtand?
Can the dove's boſom ſnakey venom draw?
Can its foot ſharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
And, conſcious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a ſigh, his iſſuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the ſpeech he cloſ'd.
That tenderneſs, which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a ſtranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to general views
Our converſe turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon manſion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the friſking ſhadows fly.
There midnight riot ſpreads illuſive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time deſtroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant eaſe,
Shall wake ſharp warnings in ſome fierce diſeaſe.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd ſtate;
Thy thoughts, firſt rank'd, were ſure deſign'd the great;
Paſſions plebians are, which faction raiſe;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs riſe:
Then ſovereign reaſon from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wiſdom and wit,
To noiſe and folly, place and power ſubmit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is toſt,
Unſteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is loſt.
The miſer-ſpirit eyes the ſpendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of ſordid care.
His treaſures fly to cloy each fawning ſlave;
Yet grudge a ſtone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet ſmile, griev'd ſhade! when that unproſperous ſtore
Faſt-leſſens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like Him, ungrateful all!

Then

Then thought-inſpiring woe his heart ſhall mend,
And prove his only wiſe, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly ſport,
While plotting Miſchief keeps reſerv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blaſting ſulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with ſmoke!
In chariot-ſhape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like deſtruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion ſprings;
Each bold, bad ſpectre claps her ſounding wings:
And ſtraight beneath a ſummon'd, traiterous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention ſtand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, cloſe beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-poſſeſs'd, their riſing galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devaſtation dire!
But Juſtice marks their ways: ſhe waves, in air,
The ſword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark Villainy herſelf deceives,
There ſtudious Honeſty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon loneſome room,
Scattering thin rays, juſt glimmers through the gloom.
There ſits the ſapient BARD in muſeful mood,
And glows impaſſion'd for his country's good!
All the bright ſpirits of the juſt, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent ſhine!

Now

Now rapt! now more than man!—I ſee him climb,
To view this ſpeck of earth from worlds ſublime!
I ſee him now o'er Nature's works preſide!
How clear the viſion! and the ſcene how wide!
Let ſome a name by adulation raiſe,
Or ſcandal, meaner than a venal praiſe!
My Muſe (he cries) a nobler proſpect view!
Through fancy's wilds ſome moral's point purſue!
From dark deception clear-drawn truth diſplay,
As from black chaos roſe reſplendent day!
Awake compaſſion, and bid terror riſe!
Bid humble ſorrows ſtrike ſuperior eyes!
So pamper'd power, unconſcious of diſtreſs,
May ſee, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redreſs.
Ye traytors, tyrants, fear his ſtinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you ſweet-bloſſom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite,
If verſe can gild inſtruction with delight,
Inſpire his honeſt Muſe with orient flame,
To riſe, to dare, to reach the nobleſt aim!
But, O my friend! myſterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like he paſſes through the crowd,
Unſought, unſeen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or ſeen with ſlight regard: Unprais'd his name:
His after-honour, and our after-ſhame.

The

The doom'd deſert, to avarice ſtands confeſs'd;
Her eyes averted are, and ſteel'd her breaſt.
Envy aſquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Inſult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Cenſure, ſkill'd in darker ways,
Hints ſure detraction in diſſembled praiſe!
Hunger, thirſt, nakedneſs, there grievous fall!
Unjuſt deriſion too!— that tongue of gall!
Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued,
Uſher'd by Pride, and by Reproach purſued.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold reſpect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.
  Yet, ſuffering Worth! thy fortitude will ſhine:
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and Peace thy days ſhall crown;
Thy treaſure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, ſhall mourn thy hapleſs fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
  Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's ſound,
Sweet through ſtill night, proclaiming ſafety round!
Yon ſhade illuſtrious quits the realms of reſt,
To aid ſome orphan of its race diſtreſt,
Safe winds him through the ſubterraneous way,
That mines yon manſion, grown with ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unſuſpected ground,
Where, green with ruſt, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghoſt, from earth when newly fled,
Saw thoſe, the living truſted, wrong the dead;
He ſaw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeleſs hand
Sign the falſe deed that alienates his land;

Heard,

Heard, on his fame, injurious cenſure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commiſſion'd now the falſehood he reveals,
To juſtice ſoon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by his wealth, are coſtly pleas maintain'd,
And, by diſcover'd truth, loſt right regain'd.
But why (may ſome enquire) why kind ſucceſs,
Since myſtic heaven gives miſery oft to bleſs?
Though miſery leads to happineſs and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unſtrengthen'd virtue ſcarce his boſom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
Oh, let not cenſure, if (untried by grief,
If, amidſt woe, untempted by relief,)
He ſtoop'd reluctant to low arts of ſhame,
Which then, ev'n then he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to nam
Heaven ſees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And chears the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,
Now riſing fortune elevates his mind,
He ſhines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
So in ſome engine, that denies a vent,
If unreſpiring is ſome creature pent,
It ſickens, droops, and pants, and gaſps for breath,
Sad o'er the ſight ſwim ſhadowy miſts of death;
If then kind air pours powerful in again,
New heats, new pulſes quicken every vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Diſpers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
From trembling tombs the ghoſts of greatneſs riſe,
And o'er their bodies hang with wiſtful eyes;

Or diſcontented ſtalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their ſcreams with ſcreaming owls.
The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the ſhadow'd ſky.
Springs with ſoft heats no more give borders green,
Nor ſmoaking breathe along the whiten'd ſcene;
While ſteamy currents, ſweet in proſpect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.
Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his power
And broken ſlumbers drag the reſtleſs hour.
The murder'd ſeems alive, and ghaſtly glares,
And in dire dreams the conſcious murderer ſcares,
Shews the yet-ſpouting wound, th' enſanguin'd floor,
The walls yet-ſmoaking with the ſpatter'd gore;
Or ſhrieks to dozing juſtice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful art from day conceals;
The delve obſcene, where no ſuſpicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corſe unſhrouded lies;
The ſure, the ſtriking proof, ſo ſtrong maintain'd,
Pale guilt ſtarts ſelf-convicted, when arraign'd.
  Theſe ſpirits treaſon of its power diveſt,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breaſt.
Thoſe ſolemn thought inſpire, or bright deſcend
To ſnatch in viſion ſweet the dying friend.
  But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summons to prayer!—Now breaks th' inchanter's ſpell!
And now—But yon fair ſpirit's form ſurvey!
'Tis ſhe!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haſte!—I fly!—adieu!—and when you ſee
The youth who bleeds with fondneſs, think on me:

Tell

Tell him my tale, and be his pain careſt;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm bleſt.
When worſhip'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praiſe the Maker in his faireſt mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the ſoul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming woman, ſoon we miſs
The prize of friendſhip, and the life of bliſs!
Still through the ſhades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightneſs luſters o'er her cheeks!
Again ſhe calls!—I dare no longer ſtay!
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.
He turn'd, nor longer in my ſight remain'd;
The mountain he, I ſafe the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her ſway,
Still on ſtrange, viſionary land I ſtray.
Now ſcenes crowd thick! now indiſtinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the Bull's horn light's riſing monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
Then with an aguiſh breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding ſpring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the ſlow-circling blood of human race,
And in ſharp, livid looks contracts the face.

Now

Now o'er Norwegian hills he ſtrides away:
Such ſlippery paths Ambition's ſteps betray.
Turning, with ſighs, far ſpiral firs he ſees,
Which bow obedient to the ſouthern breeze.
Now from yon Zemblan rock his creſt he ſhrouds,
Like Fame's, obſcur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his loſt empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants ſhed o'er liberty reſtor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the meaſur'd round of mortal ſight)
A waſte, pale-glimmering, like a moon, that wanes
A wild expanſe of frozen ſea contains.
It cracks!—vaſt floating mountains beat the ſhore!
Far off he hears thoſe icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous craſh diſtracted flies,
Like one, who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the ruſhing torrents ſound,
And one great rift runs through the vaſt profound,
Swift as a ſhooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late dark Pole now feels unſetting day:
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to Froſt he goes,
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting ſnows:
Here bears ſtalk tenants of the barren ſpace,
Few men, unſocial thoſe!—a barbarous race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
How he recounts vaſt conqueſts loſt and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of Froſt remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Mean-

Meanwhile the ſun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmeſt influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fallen, the King of day,
Red through the kindling Lion ſhoots his ray.
The tawny harveſt pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-ſpring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where Wiſdom oft retires to meet Content.

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the raviſh'd ſoul aſcends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By ſome good angel led to worlds ſublime:
Oft (legends ſay) the ſnake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a ſcaly ſpire;
Then ſongſters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and muſic are no more.

Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty dreſt,
An azure mantle, and a purple veſt,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet diſplay,
Her amber treſſes negligently gay.
Collected now her roſy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews diſtil.
The ſongful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe ſweet; and ſtrew her opening way with flowers.

The chattering ſwallows leave their neſted care,
Each promiſing return with plenteous fare.
So the fond ſwain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, ere they ſeek their guiltleſs food.

Fondly

ndly they bill. Now to their morning care,
ke our firſt parents, part the amorous pair:
it ah!—a pair no more!—With ſpreading wings,
om the high-ſounding cliff a vulture ſprings;
ady he ſails along th' aerial grey,
'oops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.
irt we, who worſe than vultures, Nimrods find,
en meditating prey on human kind?
Wild beaſts to gloomy dens repace their way,
here their couch'd young demand the ſlaughter'd prey.
oks, from their nodding neſts, black-ſwarming fly,
id, in hoarſe uproar, tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle rouz'd, the ſun
warn'd the blue ætherial ſteep to run.
ıile on his couch of floating jaſper laid,
ım his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy ſhade.
e cryſtal dome tranſparent pillars raiſe,
ıence, beam'd from ſapphires, living azure plays:
e liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
ıere all his labours in moſaic ſhine.
coronet, a cloud of ſilver-white;
robe with unconſuming crimſon bright,
ied with gems, all heaven's collected ſtore!
ıile his looſe locks deſcend, a golden ſhower.
o his ſteps compar'd, we tardy find
e Grecian racers, who outſtript the wind,
et to the glowing race behold him ſtart!
quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart,

ght beneath ſucceſſive ſhadows miis a,
begins in colours to exiſt:
ſent theſe from ſons of riot keep,
impure, unmeditating ſleep.
lock his fence, the new-riſen ſwain prepares,
ere forth-driven recounts his fleecy cares;
, lo! an ambuſh'd wolf, with hunger bold,
gs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
by the paſtor not in vain defied,
our arch foe by ſome celeſtial guide.
read on yon rock the ſea-calf I ſurvey:
'd in the ſun, his ſkin reflects the day.
ſees yon tower-like ſhip the waves divide,
l ſlips again beneath the glaſſy tide.
'he watery herbs, and ſhrubs, and vines, and flo
r their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly ſho
Iail, glorious ſun! to whoſe attractive fires,
waken'd, vegetative life aſpires!
[illegible] directive force,

iee, bright, univerſal Power! began
n brute, and generous love in man.
I I of love?—Yon ſwain, with amorous air,
ls his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
i the flocks; then, liſtening as he plays,
the running brook, a conſcious gaze.
out, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
ɜs, and ſunward turns its crimſon ſtains.
nants of the warren, vainly chac'd;
d to ambient fields for green repaſt,
r ſmall vaulted labyrinths in vain;
ıg nets betray the ſkipping train;
ıcres through their republic fly,
ıs on heaps by ruthleſs ſpaniels die.
her, who the lonely beech has ſtray'd,
he live-long night his net-work ſpread,
and bears the loaded ſnare away;
ɔunce, deceiv'd, th'expiring finny prey.
eptune's temple (Neptune's now no more),
ıtue plants a trident on the ſhore,
: rings the generous dolphins wind,
and think the image human-kind:
afing friendſhip!—See! the pile commands
and grim at Superſtition ſtands!
ınd there leaves its print of moſſy green,
ows, carv'd for ſnakes, and birds obſcene.
s, whoſe art the ſolemn fane can raiſe,
ɔD delights to dwell, and man to praiſe;
ulder'd thus the column falls away,
great prince majeſtic in decay;

When Ignorance and Scorn the ground ſhall tread,
Where Wiſdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
Where ſhall thy pompous work our wonder claim;
What, but the Muſe alone, preſerve thy name?
The ſun ſhines, broken, through yon arch that rears
This once-round fabric, half-depriv'd by years,
Which roſe a ſtately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars now unfaithful found;
In fragments, theſe the fall of thoſe forebode,
Which, nodding, juſt up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd ſtood,
Like ſome ſtripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The ſtork inhabits her aerial neſt;
By her are liberty and peace careſt;
She flies the realms that own deſpotic kings,
And only ſpreads o'er free-born ſtates her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathſome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or ſnakes, that lurk to ſnap the heedleſs fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.
An aqueduct acroſs yon vale is laid,
Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a ſteep, it flies with torrent-force,
Flaſhes, and roars, and plows a devious courſe.
Attracted miſts a golden cloud commence,
While through high-colour'd air ſtrike rays intenſe.
Betwixt two points, which yon ſteep mountains ſhow,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my ſeat.

Heat

eat never enters here; but Coolneſs reigns
'er zephyrs, and diſtilling, watery veins.
:cluded now I trace th' inſtructive page,
nd live o'er ſcenes of many a backward age;
hrough days, months, years, through time's whole
courſe I run,
nd preſent ſtand where time itſelf begun.
Ye mighty Dead, *of juſt, diſtinguiſh'd fame,
our thoughts, (ye bright inſtructors!) here I claim.
ere ancient knowledge opens nature's ſprings;
ere truths hiſtoric give the hearts of kings.
ence contemplation learns white hours to find,
nd labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
lov'd retreat! thy joys content beſtow,
or guilt, nor ſhame, nor ſharp repentance know.
'hat the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to ſee,
hat happineſs he found reſerv'd in thee.
Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
'hile in death's icy arms his Tullia ſleeps,
is daughter dear!—Retir'd I ſee him mourn,
y all the frenzy now of anguiſh torn.
'ild his complaint! Nor ſweeter Sorrow's ſtrains,
'hen Singer for Alexis loſt complains.
ach friend condoles, expoſtulates, reproves;
lore than a father raving Tully loves;
r Salluſt cenſures thus!—Unheeding blame,
e ſchemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
'hus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
'hus roſe Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,

The ſighs, tears, frantic ſtarts, that baniſh reſt,
And all the burſting ſorrows of his breaſt.
But hark! a ſudden power attunes the air!
Th' inchanting ſound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they ſink, or lift the ſong,
Which the cave echoes ſweet, and ſweet the creeks prolong.
I liſten'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean ſteam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd:
A blue, round ſpot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it ſhone, and dimm'd the ſwimming ſight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I ſtood!—amaz'd I ſtill remain!
What earthly power this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the luſtre dies away:
My eyes reſtor'd, a mortal form ſurvey.
My Hermit friend! 'Tis he.—All hail! (he cries)
I ſee, and would alleviate, thy ſurprize.
The vaniſh'd meteor was heaven's meſſage meant,
To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
Hear then! in this ſequeſter'd cave retir'd,
Departed ſaints converſe with men inſpir'd.
'Tis ſacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourſe ſo pure.
Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heaven-born Muſe!
Or ſeek her, where ſhe truſts her tuneful tale
To the mid, ſilent wood, or vocal vale;

Where

Where trees half check the light with trembling ſhades,
Cloſe in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where ſurrounding viſtas far deſcend,
The landſcape varied at each leſſening end;
She, only ſhe can mortal thought refine,
And raiſe thy voice to viſitants divine.

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. Be Fear (ſaid I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.
By time-worn ſteps a ſteep aſcent we gain,
Whoſe ſummit yields a proſpect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our ſeat extends,
Whoſe top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Viſtas, with leaves, diverſify the ſcene,
Some pale, ſome brown, and ſome of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy ſhower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each gloſſy flower.
Gay inſects ſparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countleſs as its rays:
They dance on every ſtream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, ſnatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks, ſtrong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around:
King-cups beneath far-ſtriking colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green expanſe.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the ſight,
Like theſe, effulging yellow ſtreams of light.

From the ſame rocks, fall rills with ſoften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's ſource.
Through her clear channel, ſhine her finny ſhoals,
O'er ſands, like gold, the liquid cryſtal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarſer moor, her charms decay,
And ſhape, through ruſtling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows ſhort and buſhy ſhadows throw:
Now loſt, ſhe ſeems through nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in ſilver ſtate,
Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains, ru
The flocks:—their fleeces gliſtening in the ſun;
Her ſtreams they ſeek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring tre
Recline in various attitudes of eaſe.
Where the herds ſip, the little ſcaly fry,
Swift from the ſhore, in ſcattering myriads fly.
Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd ſcenes, like earth, from whence it roſe.
The bee hums wanton in yon jaſmine bower,
And circling ſettles, and deſpoils the flower.
Melodious there the plumy ſongſters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat poliſh'd manſions riſe in proſpect gay;
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The ſun plays glittering on the rocks and ſpires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.
Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light meaſures turn the ſwimming dance.
Sweet, ſlow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.

H

Here Meditation ſhines, in azure dreſt,
All-ſtarr'd with gems: a ſun adorns her creſt.
Religion, to whoſe lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hoſts deſcend from opening ſkies;
Beauty, who ſways the heart, and charms the ſight;
Whoſe tongue is muſic, and whoſe ſmile delight;
Whoſe brow is majeſty; whoſe boſom peace;
Who bade creation be, and chaos ceaſe;
Whoſe breath perfumes the ſpring; whoſe eye divine
Kindled the ſun, and gave its light to ſhine.
Here, in thy likeneſs, fair Ophelia,* ſeen,
She throws kind luſtre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her Deſcription, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the penſive Muſe!
The Muſe!—ſhe comes! refin'd the Paſſions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wiſe, and great.
The Muſe! a thouſand ſpirits wing the air
(Once men, who made like her mankind their care):
Inamour'd round her preſs th' inſpiring throng,
And ſwell to ecſtacy her ſolemn ſong.

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her ſight the dew-bright dawn ſurveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of ſtorm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd ſea, gem'd rock, or ſky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image ſtrikes with energy divine;

Bacon.

* Mrs. Oldfield.

Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conſpire;
Nor ſweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.
My Hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us ſwift the high beheſt obey!
Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have croſt,
The way unequal, and the landſcape loſt,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes eſſay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the ſpray,
While muſic trembles in their ſongful throats,
The bullfinch whiſtles ſoft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird ſwells ſonorous lays;
The varying thruſh commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody purſues;
While the ſoft-murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos.
And, when in ſpring theſe melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo ſends her uniſon of woe.
But as ſmooth ſeas are furrow'd by a ſtorm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noiſes ſound,
And harmony's at once, in diſcord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypreſs, croaks the raven's cry;
As diſſonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage ſeek,
And the harſh owl ſhrills out a ſharpening ſhriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the treſpaſs of a vagrant herd.
Faſt by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whoſe ruſſet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a ſtaff ſupports his tread,
And ſoft white hairs ſhade thin his palſy'd head.

Poor

'Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent ſlight, and ruthleſs taunt.
On ſlaves of guilt oft ſmiles the ſquandering peer;
But paſſing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what doſt thou ſuperior ſhine?
His our firſt fire: what race more ancient thine?
Leſs backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men, whoſe influence kept the world in awe:
Whoſe worthleſs ſons, like thee, perchance conſum'd
Their ample ſtore, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may periſh, by the courſe of things,
While his, from beggars, re-aſcend to kings.
Now, lazar, as thy hardſhips I peruſe,
On my own ſtate inſtructed would I muſe.
When I view greatneſs, I my lot lament;
Compar'd to thee, I ſnatch ſupreme content.
I might have felt, did heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I muſt mourn to ſee thee feel.
But ſoft! the cripple our approach deſcries,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
I ſpring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a ſmile of pity, ſay,
Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Inſtance of will, without the power to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How muſt we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When God-like ſouls endure a mean reſtraint;
When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to diſtreſs belongs,
Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs;

Merit's

Merit's a mark, at which diſgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.
Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure;
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And, though depreſs'd, ſuperior to their fate.
Minions in power, and miſers, 'mid their ſtore,
Are mean in greatneſs, and in plenty poor.
What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
A ſpring for virtue, and from wrongs a ſhade?
In power we ſavage tyranny behold,
And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
From golden ſands her pride could Libya raiſe,
Could ſhe, who ſpreads no paſture, claim our praiſe?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monſters breed,
Where ſerpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
No ſheltery trees invite the Wanderer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts ſupply;
On her vaſt wilds no lovely proſpects run;
But all lies barren, though beneath the ſun.

My Hermit thus. I know thy ſoul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth ſuppoſe,
Doubtleſs, would beauteous ſymmetry diſcloſe.
The naked cliff, that ſingly rough remains,
In proſpect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in ſcattering fragments ſeen,
Shew, though in broken views, the blue ſerene.

Severe

Severe diſtreſſes induſtry inſpire;
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly ſtruggle through a ſtate of ſhame,
To life, eaſe, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We paſs through want to wealth, through diſmal ſtrife,
To calm content, through death to endleſs life.
Libya thou nam'ſt—Let Afric's waſtes appear
Curſt by thoſe heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the ſame ſuns her orange-groves befriend,
Where cluſtering globes in ſhining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit ſeems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n ſcenes that ſtrike with terrible ſurprize,
Still prove a God, juſt, merciful, and wiſe.
Sad wintery blaſts, that ſtrip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery ſpring.
Ye ſulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations ſhake!
Ye ſtorms of riving flame the foreſt tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a ſtroke, ſome ſtately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-ſhatter'd, and her dead up-torn;
Were noxious ſpirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would ſoon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were loſt!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would deſtruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, cloſe-engendering lie,
Till theſe red ruptures clear the ſullied ſky.

Now

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcel'd tracts to various uſes wrought.
Here hardening ripeneſs the firſt blooms behold,
There the laſt bloſſoms ſpring-like pride unfold.
Here ſwelling peas on leafy ſtalks are ſeen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure ſhine between;
Whoſe weaving beauties, heighten'd by the ſun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial ſhower,
The beans freſh-bloſſoms in a ſpeckled flower;
Whoſe morning dews, when to the ſun reſign'd,
With undulating ſweets embalm the wind.
Now daiſy plats of clover ſquare the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardleſs grain.
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom ſhall art-ſpun labours yield.
The mulberry, in fair ſummer-green array'd,
Full in the midſt ſtarts up, a ſilky ſhade.
For human taſte the rich-ſtain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the ſilk-emitting reptile feeds.
As ſwans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their gloſſy entrails weave.
Hence, to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd veſtments play:
But Induſtry prepares them oft to pleaſe
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant eaſe.
Now frequent, duſty gales offenſive blow,
And o'er my ſight a tranſient blindneſs throw.
Windward we ſhift. Near down th' etherial ſteep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.

Dun

Dun ſhades, in rocky ſhapes up æther roll'd,
Project long, ſhaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's die,
And paint amuſing landſcapes on the eye.
Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a ſky ſerene,
In ſwelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermillion ſhines,
And the breeze freſhens, as the heat declines.
Yon crooked, ſunny roads change riſing views
From brown, to ſandy-red, and chalky hues.
One mingled ſcene another quick ſucceeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd ſteers, and prancing ſteeds,
Which climb, deſcend, and, as loud whips reſound,
Stretch, ſweat, and ſmoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ſhips, barges mark the roughen'd ſtreams,
This way, and that, they different points purſue;
So mix the motions, and ſo ſhifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profuſion riſe;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels rocks;
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fiſh the floods.
In darkening ſpots, mid fields of various dies,
Tilth new-manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd diſplay,
The green graſs yellowing into ſcentful hay,

And

And thick-ſet hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd ſcene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native ſtrawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the roſe.
There nightingales in unprun'd copſes build,
In ſhaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thiſtles, unſown flowers amuſe,
And form a lucid chace of various hues;
Many half-grey with duſt: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.
Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The Muſe preceding with her heavenly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, ſo late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more ſtrange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muſe's wand transform'd he ſtands,
O'er ſkin late wrinkled, inſtant beauty ſpreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid luſtre ſheds;
Hairs, once ſo thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd, in regal veſtments ſhine.
The Hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
Once ſeen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whoſe want ſo multiplied his woes,
He ſunk a mortal, and a ſeraph roſe.
See!—where thoſe ſtately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrows throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his ſacred duſt,
Ariſe the ſculptur'd tomb, and labour'd buſt.

Vain

ain pomp! beſtow'd by oſtentatious pride,
Vho to a life of want relief deny'd.
But thus the BARD. Are theſe the gifts of ſtate?
ifts unreceiv'd!—Theſe? Ye ungenerous great!
ow was I treated when in life forlorn?
[y claim your pity; but my lot your ſcorn.
Vhy were my ſtudious hours oppos'd by need?
ı me did poverty from guilt proceed?
id I contemporary authors wrong,
nd deem their worth, but as they priz'd my ſong?
id I ſooth vice, or venal ſtrokes betray,
ı the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
id e'er my verſe immodeſt warmth contain,
r, once-licentious, heavenly truths profane?
lever.—And yet when envy ſunk my name,
Vho call'd my ſhadow'd merit into fame?
Vhen, undeſerv'd, a priſon's grate I ſaw,
Vhat hand redeem'd me from the wreſted law?
Vho cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Vhy cruſh'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?—
ut foreign languages adopt my lays,
nd diſtant nations ſhame you into praiſe.
Vhy ſhould unreliſh'd wit theſe honours cauſe?
uſtom, not knowledge, dictates your applauſe:
r think you thus a ſelf-renown to raiſe,
nd mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
e your's the mouldering tomb! Be mine the lay
mmortal!—Thus he ſcoffs the pomp away.
hough words like theſe unletter'd pride impeach,
o the meek heart he turns with milder ſpeech.

Though now a ſeraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendſhip, oft of care;
To walk diſguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendleſs orphan oft to roam,
Craving ſome kind, ſome hoſpitable home;
Or, like Ulyſſes, a low lazar ſtand;
Beſeeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulyſſes, royal aid requeſt,
Wandering from court to court, a king diſtreſt.
Thus varying ſhapes, the ſeeming ſon of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow:
Then to the Muſe relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame.
Oft, as when man in mortal ſtate depreſs'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confeſs'd,
He now forms viſionary ſcenes below,
Inſpiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience, that ſoftens every ſad extreme,
That caſts through dungeon-glooms a chearful gleam,
Diſarms diſeaſe of pain, mocks ſlander's ſting,
And ſtrips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainſt Want, a ſourer foe, its ſuccour lends,
And ſmiling ſees th' ingratitude of friends.
Nor are theſe taſks to him alone conſign'd.
Millions inviſible befriend mankind.
When watery ſtructures, ſeen croſs heaven t'aſcend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering ſide,
Myriads of miſſionary ſeraphs glide;

She

es good angels genial ſhowers beſtow
the red convex of the dewy bow.
ſmile upon the ſwain: He views the prize;
grateful bends, to bleſs the boun'eous ſkies.
winds collect, and ſend propitious gales
here Britannia's navy ſpreads her ſails;
: ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
ual'd glory in her Sovereign's name.
teach young zephyrs vernal ſweets to bear,
float the balmy health on ambient air;
/rs, that oft, where lovers liſtening lie,
ş the grove in melting muſic die,
n lone caves to minds poetic roll
nic whiſpers, that abſtract the ſoul.
range the colours, as they parted fly,
pointed to the philoſophic eye;
laming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
ſtainleſs, lightſome yellow's gilding rays;
:louded orange, that betwixt them glows,
to kind mixture tawny luſtre owes;
hearing green, that gives the ſpring its dye;
»right, tranſparent blue, that robes the ſky;
indico, which ſhaded light diſplays;
violet, which in the view decays.
tal hues, whence others all proceed;
ver-mingling, changeful, countleſs breed;
vel'd, variegated, lines of light,
n blended, dazzling in promiſcuous white.
hrough theſe bows departed ſpirits range,
to the ſkies, admiring at their change;

He wails, he quite deſponds, convulſive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope enquires, ſtops ſhort with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worſt will hear;
The worſt, alas, his doom!—What friend replies?
Each ſpeaks with ſhaking head, and down caſt eyes.
One ſilence breaks, then pauſes, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendſhip part reſerves unknown
Comes thundering in his keeper's ſurly tone.
Enough ſtruck through and through, in ghaſtly ſtare,
He ſtands transfix'd, the ſtatue of deſpair;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a ſtorm of grief in guſhing ſtreams:
That paſt—collected in himſelf he ſeems,
And with forc'd ſmile retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the priſon's diſmal vault.
If with himſelf at variance ever-wild,
With angry heaven how ſtands he reconcil'd?
No penitential oriſons ariſe;
Nay, he obteſts the juſtice of the ſkies.
Not for his guilt, for ſentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to diſcordant groans,
To bars harſh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarſe-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more diſſonant, far, far leſs kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigued with grief, on earth he lies:
But ſoon as ſleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,

Glad

Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treaſon ſucceeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering ſtores diſplay:
Gain he purſues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold! What gems!—he ſtrains to ſeize the prize;
Quick from his touch diſſolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conſcious he cries—and muſt I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, deluſive ſleep!
Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling dæmons call;
Wide-flying portals ſeem unhing'd to fall:
Then cloſe with ſudden claps; a dreadful din!
He ſtarts, wakes, ſtorms, and all is hell within.
His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad ſpirits turn thoſe thoughts to air.
What ſhall he next? What, ſtraight relinquiſh breath,
To bar a public, juſt, though ſhameful death?
Raſh, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he ſtrikes—may heaven the deed forgive!
Why had he thus falſe ſpirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to ſuffer well?
Were his ſucceſs, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might cloſe a life miſpent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge reſound,
Far from the compaſs of yon ſacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.

Near yonder fane, where miſery ſleeps in peace,
Whoſe ſpire faſt-leſſens, as theſe ſhades increaſe,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempeſts roll
Tempeſts, dire emblems, Coſmo, of thy ſoul!
There mark that Coſmo, much for guile renown'd
His grave by unbid plants of poiſon crown'd.
When out of power, through him the public good
So ſtrong his factious tribe, ſuſpended ſtood.
In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots periſh'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the beſt cauſe he in the ſenate choſe,
Ev'n right in him from ſome wrong motive roſe.
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak deſpiſe;
Yet courted for dark ends, and ſhunn'd the wiſe.
When ill his purpoſe, eloquent his ſtrain;
His malice had a look, and voice humane.
His ſmile, the ſignal of ſome vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoiſon'd ſcent;
Proud, yet to popular applauſe a ſlave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjuſt to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was oſtentation all.
No true benevolence his thought ſublimes,
His nobleſt actions are illuſtrious crimes.
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fi
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his ſhame.
When parts in probity in man combine,
In wiſdom's eye, how charming muſt he ſhine!

Let him, leſs happy, truth at leaſt impart,
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.
Coſmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That ſtorm of paſſion, which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and moſt pride;
But pride and anger make all fear ſubſide.
Dauntleſs he meets at length untimely fate;
A deſperate ſpirit! rather fierce, than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coaſt,
A ſullen, wandering, ſelf-tormenting ghoſt.
Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in ſculpture riſing round,
Juſt where a croſſing, lengthening aiſle we find,
Full eaſt; whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio ſleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented ſhade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth ſurvey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they ſaid.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd
Firſt Avarice came. In vain Self-love ſhe preſs'd;
The poor he pity'd ſtill, and ſtill redreſs'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her eſſay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it ſtill a triumph to forgive.

At

At length Ambition urg'd his country's wea',
Aſſuming the fair look of public Zeal;
Still in his breaſt ſo generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye ſaw millions in diſtreſs,
He deem'd it godlike to have power to bleſs:
Thus, when unguarded, treaſon ſtain'd him o'er;
And virtue and content were then no more.
But when to death by rigorous juſtice doom'd,
His genuine ſpirit ſaint-like ſtate reſum'd,
Oft from ſoft penitence diſtill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft would a drop from ſtruggling nature fall,
And then a ſmile of patience brighten all.
He ſeeks in heaven a friend, nor ſeeks in vain.
His guardian angel ſwift deſcends again;
And reſolution thus beſpeaks a mind,
Not ſcorning life, yet all to death reſign'd;
—Ye chains, fit only to reſtrain the will
Of common, deſperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my riſing ſoul your preſſure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote ſhe takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Could ye once blot her proſpect of the ſkies?
No!—from her clearer ſight ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's reſiſtleſs ray.
Ye walls, that witneſs my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight ſorrows groan!

Do

)o I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
'r once betray fear's moſt inglorious pain?
'o!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
ehold how willing glides my parting breath!
ar greater, better far—ay, far inde d!
ike me, have ſuffer'd, and like me will bleed.
poſtles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
ike me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
ıall I, whoſe days, at beſt, no ill deſign'd,
Thoſe virtue ſhone not, though I lov'd mankind,
ıall I, now guilty wretch, ſhall I repine?
h, no! to juſtice let me life reſign!
uick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
e taught me patience, who firſt taught me woe;
ut friends are foes, they render woe ſevere,
or me they wail, from me extort the tear.
ot thoſe, yet abſent, miſſive griefs control;
Theſe periods weep, thoſe rave, and theſe condole,
ıt entrance ſhrieks a friend, with pale ſurprize;
ınother panting, proſtrate, ſpeechleſs lies;
ne gripes my hand, one ſobs upon my breaſt!
ıh, who can bear?—it ſhocks, it murders reſt!
ınd is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
ınd is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
s mine the patience, yours the boſom ſtrife?
ıh! would raſh love lure back my thoughts to life?
ıdieu, dear, dangerous mourners! ſwift depart!
ıh, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
Ye ſaints, whom fears of death could ne'er control,
ı my laſt hour compoſe, ſupport my ſoul!

See

See my blood waſh repented ſin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!
With words like theſe the deſtin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his ſoul to happier ſkies.
Diſtinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkneſs deepening o'er the formleſs walk.
Night treads not with light ſtep the dewy gale,
Nor bright-diſtends her ſtar-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet, inclement damps diſtil,
Clouds ſhut her face, black winds her veſture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the ſable ſkies,
Eaſtward it ſhoots, and, ſunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that roſe from duſt to guilty power,
Glares out in vain; ſo duſt ſhall pride devour.
Fiſhers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents ſtrike the ſcaly train.
Like ſnakes in eagles' claws, in vain they ſtrive,
When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.
While here, methought, our time in converſe paſs'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore faſt.
At prowling wolves was heard the maſtiff's bay,
And the warn'd maſter's arms forbad the prey!
Thus treaſon ſteels, the patriot thus deſcries,
Forth ſprings the monarch, and the miſchief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of night,
Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the ſilent grove,
With penſive pleaſure liſten'd wakeful Love.
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And Pain forgot to groan, ſo ſweet ſhe ſung.

The

The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now liſten'd, and awhile was charm'd;
But like the man, whoſe frequent-ſtubborn will
Reſiſts what kind, ſeraphic ſounds inſtil,
Her heart the love-inſpiring voice repell'd,
Her breaſt with agitating miſchief ſwell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to deſtroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.
Now faſt we meaſure back the trackleſs way;
No friendly ſtars directive beams diſplay.
But lo!—a thouſand lights ſhoot inſtant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the ſtarting blaze.
I ſtand aſtoniſh'd—thus the hermit cries:
Fear not, but liſten with enlarg'd ſurprize!
Still muſt theſe hours our mutual converſe claim,
And ceaſe to echo ſtill Olympia's name;
Grots, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no ſighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and thoſe hours no more,
Thoſe amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the ſame? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal ſeaſon gay,
Saw my health languiſh off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave diſeaſe a date;
No ſad, preſageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—My deſtin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, every fear ſuſpend!
I paſs'd a weary, lingering, ſleepleſs night:
Then roſe, to walk in morning's earlieſt light:

But

But few my ſteps—a faint, and cheerleſs few!
Refreſhment from my flagging ſpirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypreſs ſhade,
My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
Soon by ſoft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
A ſlumber preſs'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia ſpoke;
Thrice loud ſhe call'd, and thrice the ſlumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
Full in my view the ſhadowy charmer ſtood.
Rapturous I ſtarted up to claſp the ſhade;
But ſtagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chillneſs o'er my boſom ſpread,
As if that inſtant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now ſent a far, imperfect ſound,
When in a ſwimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off ſhe call'd—With ſoft ſurprize,
I turn'd—but void of ſtrength, and aid to riſe;
Short, ſhorter, ſhorter yet, my breath I drew:
Then up my ſtruggling ſoul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a ſtate, where ſin and grief abide,
Heaven ſummon'd me to mercy—thus I died.
He ſaid. Th' aſtoniſhment with which I ſtart,
Like bolted ice runs ſhivering through my heart.
Art thou not mortal then? I cried. But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In ſhady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aſpect ſhines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
Mild on his brow ſits majeſty ſupreme.

Brigh

Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Veſt, robe, and wings, in varied luſtre ſhow.
He looks, and forward ſteps with mien divine;
A grace celeſtial gives him all to ſhine.
He ſpeaks—Nature is raviſh'd at the ſound,
The foreſts move, and ſtreams ſtand liſtening round!
Thus he. As incorruption I aſſum'd,
As inſtant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital ſprings,
With different lights diſcern'd the form of things;
To earth my paſſions fell like miſts away,
And reaſon open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celeſtial knowledge ſhone in every view.
My food was truth—what tranſport could I miſs?
My proſpect, all infinitude of bliſs.
Olympia met me firſt, and, ſmiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the ſhining way;
As far tranſcendant to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted ſelf to many a fair!
In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous ſhows,
And harmony ſtill more harmonious grows.
She points out ſouls, who taught me friendſhip's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they ſpring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high anceſtors my view command;
Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with ſaints, a ſpotleſs mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miſs,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliſs!

Though

Though late, let ſinners then from ſin depart!
Heaven never yet deſpis'd the contrite heart.
Laſt ſhone, with ſweet, exalted luſtre grac'd,
The SERAPH-BARD, in higheſt order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legiſlators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd liſten, as he raptur'd ſings.
Sweetneſs and ſtrength his look and lays employ,
Greet ſmiles with ſmiles, and every joy with joy:
Charmful he roſe; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our ſecond hymeneals ſung;
Still as we paſs'd, the bright, celeſtial throng
Hail'd us in ſocial love, and heavenly ſong.
Of that no more! my deathleſs friendſhip ſee!
I come an Angel to the Muſe and Thee.
Theſe lights, that vibrate, and promiſcuous ſhine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muſe, though melted from thy gaze,
Stands among ſpirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou would'ſt peace attain, my words attend,
The laſt, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a ſeraph, that to heaven aſpires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid' celeſtial choirs.
But ſhould no cares a mortal ſtate moleſt,
Life were a ſtate of ignorance at beſt,
Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Thoſe ills ſolemnity of thought inſpire.
Did not the ſoul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could ſhe learn to call ideas home?
Juſtly to know thyſelf, peruſe mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:

Without

Vithout ſuch ſcience of the worldly ſcene,
Vhat is retirement?—Empty pride or ſpleen:
ut with it wiſdom. There ſhall cares refine,
ender'd by contemplation half-divine.
ruſt not the frantic, or myſterious guide,
or ſtoop a captive to the ſchoolman's pride.
n nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
hey dim not reaſon, when they truth reveal;
ſhall religion in thy heart endure,
rom all traditionary falſehood pure;
life make death familiar to thy eye,
ſhalt thou live, as thou may'ſt learn to die;
nd, though thou view'ſt thy worſt oppreſſor thrive,
rom tranſient woe, immortal bliſs derive.
arewell.—Nay, ſtop the parting tear!—I go!
ut leave the Muſe thy comforter below.
e ſaid. Inſtant his pinions upward ſoar,
e leſſening as they riſe, till ſeen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the myſtic view,
he lights all vaniſh'd, and the viſion flew.

MRS. BRE

ONCE COUNTESS OF MA

" Decet hæc dare dona Novercan

PREFA

THE reader will eaſily perceiv
begun, when my heart wa
been of late; and finiſhed in ho
melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the
that no part of this flows from an
the Lady, to whom it is inſcribed.
ſerved ſeverities I may have recei
would ſhe deal ſo candidly as ackn
very well know

Neither, to ſay the truth, were the manner of my birth all, ſhould I have any reaſon for complaint—When I am a little diſpoſed to a gay turn of thinking, I conſider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the beſt protection in Europe. For being a ſpot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his Royalty.

While I preſume to name his Majeſty, I look back, with confuſion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; becauſe it is impoſſible to remember it, but with ſomething I would fain forget, for the ſake of my future peace, and alleviation of my paſt misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be ſaid to live, whoſe days are fewer than his ſorrows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from miſery.

But I will ſuffer my pardon as my puniſhment, till that life, which has ſo graciouſly been given me, ſhall become conſiderable enough not to be uſeleſs in his ſervice to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of theſe ſentiments, with which His Majeſty's great goodneſs has inſpired me, I conſider my loſs of fortune and dignity as my happineſs; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Poſſeſſing thoſe advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler leſſon, to ſtudy how to deſerve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE BASTARD.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muſe, exulting, thus her lay began.
Bleſt be the Baſtard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He ſhines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No ſickly fruit of faint compliance He!
He! ſtampt in nature's mint of ecſtacy!
He lives to build, not boaſt, a generous race:
No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.
His daring hope, no ſire's example bounds;
His firſt-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Baſtard's glowing name.
Born to himſelf, by no poſſeſſion led,
In freedom foſter'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his ſovereign choice control,
His body independent as his ſoul;
Looſ'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Preſcrib'd no duty, and aſſign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,
His heart unbiaſs'd, and his mind his own.
O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh'd claims are due.
You, unenſlav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championeſs for freedom's ſacred cauſe,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,

Diſcharg'd

Diſcharg'd my graſping ſoul; puſh'd me from ſhore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I loſt, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to ſlight,
And coldly conſcious of a huſband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd deſire,
And unconcurring ſpirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domeſtic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The ſlave of pomp, a cypher in the ſtate;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And ſlumbering in a ſeat, by chance my own.
Far nobler bleſſings wait the Baſtard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as neceſſity, he ſtarts away,
Climbs againſt wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately miſinſpir'd,
I ſung: Gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, through conſcious ſcorn of ill,
Nor taught by wiſdom, how to balance will,
Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no pits to ſhun,
But thought to purpoſe and to act were one;
Heedleſs what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and ſhrinking from diſtreſs,
I fly to ſhelter, while the tempeſts preſs;

My Muſe to grief reſigns the varying tone,
The raptures languiſh, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou ſoul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our paſſions o'er again!
Why doſt thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous ſmart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how ſoon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'ſt me not:
While ſharp and numberleſs my ſorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'ſt, and multiply'ſt them all!
Is chance a guilt? that my diſaſterous heart,
For miſchief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
Can ſelf-defence be ſin!—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice ſtain'd thee o'er?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy ſide,
Thou hadſt not been provok'd—Or thou hadſt died.
Far be the guilt of homeſhed blood from all
On whom, unſought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to ſee.
Remembrance veils his rage, but ſwells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd till folly died in ſhame,
Till kindling wiſdom felt a thirſt for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd
He might have ſav'd ſome worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate

fate of late repentance! always vain:
remedies but lull undying pain.
:re ſhall my hope find reſt?—No Mother's care
ded my infant innocence with prayer:
'ather's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
'd forth my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd.
not thine to ſnatch ſome powerful arm,
to advance, then ſkreen from future harm?
I return'd from death, to live in pain?
vould Imperial Pity ſave in vain?
ruſt it not—What blame can mercy find,
ich gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
[other, miscall'd, farewell—of ſoul ſevere,
; ſad reflection yet may force one tear:
I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
ıe from ſtrangers every comfort flow'd!
oſt to the life you gave, your ſon no more,
now adopted, who was doom'd before,
-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
dare not whiſper her immortal name;
'emely lovely, and ſerenely great!
eſtic Mother of a kneeling State!
EEN of a People's heart, who ne'er before
eed—yet now with one conſent adore!
conteſt yet remains in this deſire,
o moſt ſhall give applauſe, where all admire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S

RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Auguſta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where Liberty bids honeſt arts abound,
And pleaſures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddeſs of mirth! Euphroſyne her name.
Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!
She looks her Sire, and ſpeaks her Mother's wit.
O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.
Thee, goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.

In

In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is bleſs'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for reſt.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,
And virtue, loſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.

The goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.
She, whoſe fair throne is fix'd in human ſouls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (ſhe cried) is ſhe, my favorite! ſhe
Of all my race, the deareſt far to me!
Whoſe life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She ſaid—But no Tyrconnel glads her ſight.
Swift ſunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift roſe the ſwelling ſigh, and trembling tear.
In kind low murmurs all the loſs deplore!
Tyrconnel droops, and pleaſure is no more.

The goddeſs, ſilent, paus'd in muſeful air;
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long deſpair.
Celeſtial-hinted thoughts gay hope inſpir'd,
Smiling ſhe roſe, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's aſcending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze ſhe flies,
She flies, her elder ſiſter Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earlieſt concert ſing;
Her cheek the ſemblance of the kindling ſpring;
Freſh-tinctur'd like a ſummer-evening ſky,
And a mild ſun ſits ſmiling in her eye.

Looſe

Hail, ſiſter, hail! (the kindred goddeſs
No common ſuppliant ſtands before your
You, with whoſe living breath the morn
Fluſh the fair cheek, and point the cheerf
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee,
Each finer ſenſe, that forms delight, is t
Bright ſuns by thee diffuſe a brighter bla
And the freſh green a freſher green diſpl
Without thee pleaſures die, or dully clo
And life with thee, howe'er depreſs'd, is
Such thy vaſt power!—The deity replies
Mirth never aſks a boon, which Health
Our mingled gifts tranſcend imperial we
Health ſtrengthens Mirth, and Mirth inſ
Theſe gales, yon ſprings, herbs, flowers,
mine;
Thine is their ſmile! be all their influen
Euphroſyne rejoins—Thy friendſhip

, as ſhe ſpeaks, Health ſpreads the purple wing,
i the colour'd clouds, and ſheds the ſpring:
and and ſweet ſhe floats along in air;
ls, and ſoftening own th' æthereal fair!
deſcent ſhe melts on opening flowers,
ep impregnates plants with genial ſhowers,
nial ſhowers, new-riſing to the ray,
in roſeate clouds, and glad the day.
a zephyr's borrow'd voice ſhe ſings,
the freſh dews, and ſhakes them from her wings,
them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiſs,
s the ſure earneſt of awakening bliſs.
a feels it, with a ſoft ſurprize,
hrough her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
nt in her own form the goddeſs glows,
, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
every charm; and, as ſhe bathes, it lives!
m her locks ſhe ſheds the vital ſhower,
one! (ſhe cries) theſe ſprings poſſeſs my power!
eſe immediate to thy darling roll
, vigour, life, and gay-returning ſoul.
ſmil'ſt Euphroſyne; and conſcious ſee,
t to thy ſmile, how Nature joys with thee.
green life! all beauty roſy-bright;
armony, young Love, and dear Delight!
rnal Hours lead circling Joys along!
n, all bloom, all fragrance, and all ſong!

Receive

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart ſhall gladden, and each virtue ſhine.
Quick to Auguſta bear thy prize away;
There let her ſmile, and bid a world be gay.

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who ſenſe nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth diſguiſe;
At living worth, becauſe alive, exclaim,
Inſult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint, what pity veils in private woes,
And what we ſee with grief, with mirth expoſe;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors ſpare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the conſort's tear:
Unconſcious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To loſe what they have ne'er deſerv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd perſiſt, and anſwer'd ſtill debate:

Such,

Such, but by foils, the cleareſt luſtre ſee,
And deem aſperſing others, praiſing thee.
Far from theſe tracks my honeſt lays aſpire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron ſhames!
When party-minds ſhall loſe contracted views,
And hiſtory queſtion the recording Muſe;
'Tis this alone to after-times muſt ſhine,
And ſtamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my Muſe, from many a mournful cauſe,
Sung with ſmall power, nor ſought ſublime applauſe;
From that great point ſhe now ſhall urge her ſcope;
On that fair promiſe reſt her future hope;
Where policy, from ſtate-illuſion clear,
Can through an open aſpect ſhine ſincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breaſt to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That ſmile to cheriſh, and that hand to raiſe!)
Whoſe beſt of hearts her beſt of thoughts inflame,
Whoſe joy is bounty, and whoſe gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flies Innocence diſtreſs'd?
To you, who chace oppreſſion from th' oppreſs'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who ſtill make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more deſpair.

Aſk they what ſtate your ſheltering care ſhall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:

Not

Nor can the priſon 'ſcape your ſearching eye,
Your ear ſtill opening to the captive's cry.
Nor leſs was promis'd from thy early ſkill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
Well hadſt thou weigh'd what truth ſuch friends afford,
With thee reſigning, and with thee reſtor'd.
Thou taught'ſt them all extenſive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendſhips ſhare.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And ſhowers down plenty thick on ſundry lands,
Thy ſpreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flouriſh, and made art excel.
How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppoſe?
Their fears increaſing, as decreaſe their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And moſt oblig'd, moſt eager to complain.
But well we count our bliſs, if well we view,
When power oppreſſion, not protection grew;
View preſent ills that puniſh diſtant climes;
Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.
Mark firſt the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and ſtain'd with human gore!
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and ſanctify'd by zeal?
Stop here, my Muſe!—Peculiar woes deſcry!
Bid them in ſad ſucceſſion ſtrike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the ſad ſucceſſion ſprings!
She looks, ſhe weeps, and, as ſhe weeps, ſhe ſings.

See

See the doom'd Hebrew of his ſtores bereft!
See holy murder juſtify the theft!
His ravag'd gold ſome uſeleſs ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
His gems on ſuperſtitious idols blaze!
His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Stripp'd, ſtarv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.
Lo, the Prieſt's hand the Wafer-God ſupplies!—
A King by conſecrated poiſon dies!
See Learning range yon broad æthereal plain,
From world to world, and god-like Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious ſearch ſuſtain'd,
The finiſh'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expanſive wiſdom fell,
And truth from heaven was ſorcery from hell.
See Reaſon bid each myſtic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wiſe admire!
Zeal ſhall ſuch hereſy, like Learning, hate;
The ſame their glory, and the ſame their fate.
Lo, from ſought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worſe than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaſeleſs ſtrains the oar.
So doom'd are theſe, and ſuch perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a Prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.
Nor private worth alone falſe Zeal aſſails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are ſworn friendſhips? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with hereſy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war ſinks, the thundering cannon's roar;
When wounds, and death, and diſcord are no more;

When

When muſic bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the ſoft hour, and turn the ſwimming dance:
When, to crown theſe, the ſocial ſparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd ſenſe, and pours out all the ſoul;
Sudden he ſends red maſſacre abroad;
Faithleſs to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure perſuaſive eloquence denies,
All-drunk with blood, the arguing ſword ſupplies;
The ſword, which to th' aſſaſſin's hand is given!
Th' aſſaſſin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
Sex bleeds with ſex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, ſtops his rage;
Shall ſword, and flame, and devaſtation ceaſe,
To pleaſe with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?
Nor leſs abuſe has ſcourg'd the civil ſtate,
When a King's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous power! Nor noble, nor ſerene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles ſold, to raiſe th' unjuſt ſupply!
Compell'd the purchaſe! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public ſpirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncenſur'd cenſures in his country's cauſe.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, ſee! where dungeon-damps ariſe,
Diſeas'd he pines, and unaſſiſted dies.
Far more than maſſacre that fate accurſt!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worſt.
New courts of cenſure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,

Ex-

Explain'd, at will, each ſtatute's wreſted aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of ſhame;
So monſtrous! — Life was the ſevereſt grief,
And the worſt death ſeem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the ſubject ſought redreſs from law,
No ſenate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and ſenators confin'd
For the great cauſe of Nature and Mankind;
Who kings ſuperior to the people own;
Yet prove the law ſuperior to the throne.
Who can review without a generous tear,
A Church, a State, ſo impious, ſo ſevere;
A land uncultur'd through polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from inteſtine wars;
The hand of Induſtry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to ſome ſafer ſhore;
All Property reduc'd, to Power a prey,
And Senſe and Learning chac'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghoſt,
That ſtrove for Liberty ſo won, ſo loſt:
So well regain'd when god-like William roſe,
And firſt entail'd the bleſſing George beſtows?
May Walpole ſtill the growing triumph raiſe,
And bid theſe emulate Eliza's days;
Still ſerve a Prince, who, o'er his people great,
As far tranſcends in virtue, as in ſtate!
The Muſe purſues thee to thy rural ſeat;
Ev'n there ſhall Liberty inſpire retreat.
When ſolemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And ſportive chat and ſocial laughs go round:

Ev'n then, when pauſing mirth begins to fail,
The converſe varies to the ſerious tale.
The tale pathetic ſpeaks ſome wretch that owes
To ſome deficient law reliefleſs woes.
What inſtant pity warms thy generous breaſt!
How all the legiſlator ſtands confeſs'd!
Now ſprings the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means beſtow,
Juſtice preſerve, yet ſoftening mercy know:
Juſtice ſhall low vexatious wiles decline,
And ſtill thrive moſt, when lawyers moſt repine,
Juſtice from jargon ſhall refin'd appear,
To knowledge through our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their beſt aſſurance draw.
The freed Inſolvent, with induſtrious hand,
Strives yet to ſatisfy the juſt demand:
Thus ruthleſs men, who would his powers reſtrain,
Oft what ſeverity would loſe obtain.
Theſe, and a thouſand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inſpires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increaſe,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempeſts rave,
Adventurous ſails, nor fears the wind and wave;
At home untir'd we find th' auſpicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harveſts, bleſs the land:
While there, the peaſant glads the grateful ſoil,
Here mark the ſhipwright, there the maſon toil,

Hew,

Hew, ſquare, and rear, magnificent, the ſtone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands by this obeys her call,
And added elegance conſummates all.
Thus ſtately cities, ſtatelier navies riſe,
And ſpread our grandeur under diſtant ſkies.
From Liberty each nobler ſcience ſprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenſer ſung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What Trade ſees Property that wealth maintain,
Which Induſtry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conſcience kneels with fears reſign'd,
Enjoys her worſhip, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to ſafe Science every thought ſublimes;
What Royal Power, from his ſuperior ſtate,
Sees public happineſs his own create;
But kens thoſe patriot-ſouls, to which he owes
Of old each ſource, whence now each bleſſing flows?
And if ſuch ſpirits from their heaven deſcend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breaſt, and thence to Britain ſhine,
What love, what praiſe, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM.

ON HER

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

NO. I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my penſive lay,
Whiſpering, that you, who rais'd me from deſpair,
Meant, by your ſmiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to ſkreen
And o'er the motherleſs extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's ſtrain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you power, becauſe you love to bleſs;
And pity, when you feel it, is redreſs.
Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no ſon!
The ſenate next, whoſe aid the helpleſs own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityleſs, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles loſt, nor woes myſterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by heaven thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the ſhade.

You

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, though your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to ſharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from death to ſacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from heaven and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.
The pitying Muſes ſaw me wit purſue;
A baſtard-ſon, alas! on that ſide too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the Muſe denies, the queen inſpire?
While riſing thus your heavenly ſoul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.
Great princeſs! 'tis decreed—once every year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus ſhall your poet his low genius raiſe,
And charm the world with truths too vaſt for praiſe.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since ſurer means to tempt your ſmiles are known;
Your Poet ſhall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his nobleſt throne—your heart.
Is there a greatneſs that adorns Him beſt,
A riſing wiſh, that ripens in his breaſt?
Has He foremeant ſome diſtant age to bleſs,
Diſarm oppreſſion, or expel diſtreſs?
Plans He ſome ſcheme to reconcile mankind,
People the ſeas, and buſy every wind?

Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending factions into ſhame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own ſoft morals o'er his ſtate?
The Muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the world his praiſe, to charm his queen.
Such be the annual truths my verſe imparts
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My Muſe, unpenſion'd, might her pinions try;
Fearleſs to fail, whilſt you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen beſtows,
I loſe all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

NO. II.

"GREAT princeſs, 'tis decreed! once every year,
"I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
So ſung the Muſe; nor ſung the Muſe in vain:
My queen accepts, the year renews the ſtrain.

Ere

Ere firſt your influence ſhone with heavenly aid,
Each thought was terror; for each view was ſhade.
Fortune to life each flowery path deny'd;
No ſcience learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Inſtead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
Or ſtream, ſweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deſerts ſpread,
With ſpectres haunted, and the Muſes fled;
Ruins in penſive emblem ſeem to riſe,
And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.

But hark! a gladdening voice all nature chears!
Diſperſe, ye glooms! a day of joy appears?
Hail, happy day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
The firſt, the faireſt of her ſex was born!
How ſwift the change! Cold, wintery ſorrows fly;
Where-e'er ſhe looks, delight ſurrounds the eye!
Mild ſhines the ſun, the woodlands warble round,
The vales ſweet echo, ſweet the rocks reſound!
In cordial air ſoft fragrance floats along;
Each ſcene is verdure, and each voice is ſong!

Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quickening rays!
Boundleſs, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye ſhowers!
And ſweet aſcend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
Ye roſes, lilies, you we earlieſt claim,
In whiteneſs, and in fragrance, match her fame!
'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
Undying ſweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye bloſſoms, that one varied landſcape riſe,
And ſend your ſcentful tribute to the ſkies;

Diffuſive like yon royal branches ſmile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful iſle!
Attend, ye Muſes! mark the feather'd quires!
Thoſe the ſpring wakes, as you the queen inſpires.
O, let her praiſe for ever ſwell your ſong!
Sweet let your ſacred ſtreams the notes prolong,
Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine;
And there let heaven and her reflected ſhine!
As, when chill blights from vernal ſuns retire,
Chearful the vegetative world aſpire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
Th' enlivening influence of a milder ſky;
So gives her birth (like yon approaching ſpring)
The land to flouriſh, and the Muſe to ſing.
'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue ſhone;
Beneath her roſe, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critick's, and the patriot's fame!
Is there (ſo high be you, great princeſs, prais'd!)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to ſoar by your ſweet influence taught;
In life well cheriſh'd; nor in death forgot:
In death, as life, the learn'd your goodneſs tell!
Witneſs the ſacred buſts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light will ſhine;
Who graſp'd at ſcience, like your own, divine!
The Muſe, who hails with ſong this glorious morn,
Now looks through days, through months, through years unborn;

All

All white they riſe, and in their courſe expreſt
A king by kings rever'd, by ſubjects bleſt!
A queen, where-e'er true greatneſs ſpreads in fame;
Where learning towers beyond her ſex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
Where theſe behold, as on this bleſs'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns;
Where'e'er diffuſive goodneſs ſmiles, a queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder ſeen!
See nations round, of every wiſh poſſeſt!
Life in each eye, and joy in every breaſt!
Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finiſh'd ſtrain?
No!—let the Poet ſtop unequal lays,
And to the juſt hiſtorian yield your praiſe.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

NO. IV.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant ſongs,
'Twas mine to be inſpir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and ſtill purſue the man.

Life

Life ſcarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely ſhades to pine;
Of fading cheek, of unelated views;
Whoſe weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuſe.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who ſhuns th' oppreſs'd, to fortune only kind;
Whoſe pity 's inſult, and whoſe cold reſpect
Is keen as ſcorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendſhip half averts his face.
Thus ſunk in ſickneſs, thus with woes oppreſt,
How ſhall the fire awake within my breaſt?
How ſhall the Muſe her flagging pinions raiſe?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praiſe?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
Theſe with fair days and gentle ſeaſons glow;
Such give alone ſweet Philomel to ſing,
And Philomel 's the poet of the ſpring.
  But ſoft, my ſoul! ſee yon celeſtial light!
Before whoſe lambent luſtre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal Muſe:
Inſpiring joyous peace, 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!
A ſtranger long to miſery and me.
  Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, ſhines.
To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the firſt flowers and foilage of the ſpring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.

Behold

'eet-beaming her ætherial eyes!
Pleiades o'er the dewy ſkies.
:he point of care, alleviates woes,
the balm of comfort and repoſe;
art yield to Virtue's ſilent call,
Ambition's ſons mere children all;
for toys which pleaſe with tinſel ſhine;
they ſquabble, and for which they pine.
her voice, more mellow than the gale,
a'd through ſhepherd's pipe enchants the vale!
: invites from city ſmoke and noiſe,
ipure, and from impurer joys;
us evils, that, with rage combin'd,
body, and pollute the mind:
ls, to whom no ſocial faith belongs,
one circle of deceit and wrongs;
n politeneſs is but civil guile,
oppreſs, exerted by the vile.
pos'd, the Muſe preſents the ſcene;
an pleaſures ever ſmiles ſerene;
iat emulate the bleſt above,
iocence, and peace, the Muſe, and Love;
iat raviſh, while alternate wrought
converſe, and abſtracted thought.
i my throbbing breaſt. No loſs I mourn;
)th from riches and from grandeur torn.
:ruel mother? No—I've ſeen,
en, a pitying, a maternal queen.
ne life; but would no comfort grant;
han life reſum'd by giving want.

Would

Would ſhe the being which ſhe gave deſtroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and Wealth I chearfully reſign;
If competence, if learned eaſe be mine!
If I by mental, heartfelt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the Muſe inſpir'd!
Here ceaſe my plaint—See yon enlivening ſcenes!
Child of the ſpring! Behold the beſt of queens!
Softneſs and beauty roſe this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd wiſdom, and benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er a people, in her influence roſe;
Like that which ſpring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe reſigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on ſome diſtant ſhore.
Domeſtic diſcord ſinks beneath her ſmile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the iſle.
Lo! induſtry ſurveys, with feaſted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harveſt riſe!
Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone;
But ſees the harveſt of a world his own.
Hence thy juſt praiſe, thou mild, majeſtic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' ſtreams!
Than thoſe renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and ſands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High cultur'd blooms, inviting villa's ſhine:
And while around ten thouſand beauties glow,
Theſe ſtill o'er thoſe redoubling luſtre throw.

"Come

: then (ſo whiſper'd the indulgent Muſe)
hen, in Richmond groves thy ſorrows loſe!
hen, and hymn this day! The pleaſing ſcene
in each view, the genius of thy queen.
ıture whiſpering in the breeze her ſong!
ıer ſweet warbling through the feather'd
throng!
with the warbling world thy notes unite,
th the vegetative ſmile delight!
ch a ſcene and ſong will ſoon reſtore
iet, and give bliſs unknown before;
: it grateful, and adore, when given,
)odneſs of thy parent, queen, and heaven!
ı me each private virtue lifts the voice;
public ſpirit bids a land rejoice:
l thy queen's benevolence deſcends,
ide o'er all her vital light extends.
ter ſoftens into ſpring, to you
; fortune's ſeaſon, through her ſmile, anew.
r'paſt bounty, let new lays impart
'eet effuſions of a grateful heart!
rough the teleſcope of hope your eye!
goodneſs infinite, ſupreme, deſcry!
ıim that ray of virtue ſtream'd on earth,
kindled Caroline's bright ſoul to birth.
! he ſpreads one univerſal ſpring!
s, transform'd to angels, then ſhall ſing;
ſion then ſhall fly with want and ſhame,
leſſing and exiſtence be the ſame!"

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM ON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

NO. V.

LO! the mild ſun ſalutes the opening ſpring,
And gladdening nature calls the Muſe to ſing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy ſweets exhale,
And health, and ſong, and fragrance fill the gale.
Yet, mildeſt ſuns, to me are pain ſevere,
And muſic's ſelf is diſcord to my ear!
I, jocund ſpring, unſympathizing, ſee,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what ſpirits can I find?
What ſolace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From abſent books what ſtudious hint deviſe?
From abſent friends, what aid to thought can riſe?
A genius whiſper'd in my ear—Go ſeek
Some man of ſtate!—The Muſe your wrongs may ſpeak.
But will ſuch liſten to the plaintive ſtrain?
The happy ſeldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulſe, and ſcorn?
Why was I form'd of elegant deſires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aſpires!

Why,

Why, by the proud, and wicked, cruſh'd to earth ?
Better the day of death, than day of birth !
Thus I exclaim'd : a little cherub ſmil'd ;
Hope, I am call'd (ſaid he), a heaven-born child !
Wrongs ſure you have ; complain you juſtly may :
But let wild ſorrow whirl not thought away !
No—truſt to honour ! that you ne'er will ſtain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Truſt more to Providence ! from me ne'er ſwerve !
Once to diſtruſt, is never to deſerve.
Did not this day a Caroline diſcloſe ?
I promis'd at her birth, and bleſſing roſe !
(Bleſſing, o'er all the letter'd world to ſhine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine !)
'Tis hers, as mine, to chace away deſpair ;
Woe undeſerv'd is her peculiar care.
Her bright benevolence ſends me to grief ;
On want ſheds bounty, and on wrong relief.
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude of god-like air !
Theſe arm to conquer ills ; at leaſt to bear :
Arm'd thus, my queen, while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain ;
Your bard, his ſorrows with a ſmile endures ;
Since to be wretched is, to be made yours.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT

AN ODE

ON HER

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1736

NO. VI.

YE ſpirits bright, that æther rove,
That breathe the vernal ſoul of love;
Bid health deſcend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuſe;
That give the flowers to ſhine, the birds to ſing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of ſpring!
The virgin ſnow-drop firſt appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuſe and gay,
Spread to the ſoft, inviting ray.
So arts ſhall bloom by Carolina's ſmile,
So ſhall her fame waft fragrance o'er the iſle.
The warblers various, ſweet and clear,
From bloomy ſprays ſalute the year.
O Muſe, awake! aſcend and ſing!
Hail the fair rival of the ſpring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the Muſe's ſong.
Kind, as of late her clement ſway,
The ſeaſon ſheds a tepid ray.

The ſtorms of Boreas rave no more;
The ſtorms of faction ceaſe to roar,
At vernal ſuns as wintery tempeſts ceaſe,
She, lovely power! ſmiles faction into peace.

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

For the 1ſt of MARCH, 1737-8.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE

MAJESTY.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO HIS

MAJESTY.

NO. VII.

OFT has the Muſe, on this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay muſt flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She, to this day who joyous luſtre gave,
Deſcends for ever to the ſilent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.

To be or fondly or ſeverely kind,
To check the raſh or prompt the better mind,
Parents ſhall learn from her, and thus ſhall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who ſeek in avarice wiſdom's art to ſave;
Who often ſquander, yet who never gave;
From her theſe knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue ſtole on half mankind.
The laviſh now caught frugal wiſdom's lore;
Yet ſtill, the more they ſav'd, beſtow'd the more.
Now miſers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And ſaw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The generous ev'n themſelves more generous grew,
Learn'd the ſhunn'd haunts of ſhame-ſac'd want to trace;
To goodneſs, delicacy, adding grace.
The conſcious cheek no riſing bluſh confeſs'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modeſt breaſt;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty ſhower,
And knew no limit but a bounded power.
This truth the widow's ſighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wiſe beheld her learning's ſummit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:
But on one ſcience point a ſtedfaſt eye,
That ſcience—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory, while to thy grateful ſight
Ariſe her virtues in unfading light,

Whe

What joys were ours, what ſorrows now remain:
Ah! how ſublime the bliſs! how deep the pain!
And thou, bright princeſs, ſeated now on high,
Next one, the faireſt daughter of the ſky,
Whoſe warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy ſiſter Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb ſorrow ſeem the Arts to die.
So were the ſun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to viſit where he warm'd before,
All life muſt ceaſe, and nature be no more.
Yet ſhall the Muſe a heavenly height eſſay
Beyond the weakneſs mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loſs, which, though ſhe bleeds to ſee,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loſs of thee!
Beyond ev'n this, ſhe hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy firſt true natal day;
A day, that ſees thee borne, beyond the tomb,
To endleſs health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the ſouls ſublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodneſs fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliſs that knows no period, knows no pauſe—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure ſerene,
Sheds a ſoft ray on this our gloomy ſcene.
With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd conſort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be ſupreme in grief?

So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet ſo well obey.
Deign one look more! ah! ſee thy conſort dear
Wiſhing all hearts, except his own, to chear.
Lo! ſtills he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He ſtops all tears, however faſt they riſe,
Save thoſe that ſtill muſt fall from grateful eyes,
And, ſpite of griefs that ſo uſurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.
Father of thoſe, whoſe rights thy care defends,
Still moſt their own, when moſt their ſovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When moſt they truſt, when moſt they copy thee;
Ah! let the loweſt of thy ſubjects pay
His honeſt heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguiſh happy, if permitted here,
One ſigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, ſhould he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's ſorrow mix his own.

OF

PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS.

OF

PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO

PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

CONTENTS.

OF reſervoirs, and their uſe; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and ſtopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houſes; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the nobleſt uſes; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. ſquares, ſtreets, manſions, palaces, courts of juſtice, ſenate-houſes, theatres, hoſpitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The ſlave-trade cenſured, &c.

GREAT Hope of Britain!—Here the Muſe eſſays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praiſe.
Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a Spirit all your own!
Where never Science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vaſt blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerleſs void,
Hail, arts! where ſafety, treaſure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
Thoſe wondrous works, O Muſe! ſucceſſive raiſe,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praiſe!
What though no ſtreams, magnificently play'd,
Riſe a proud column, fall a grand caſcade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler uſe renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets viſit diſtant towns!
Now vaniſh fens, whence vapours riſe no more,
Whoſe agueiſh influence tainted heaven before.
The ſolid iſthmus ſinks a watery ſpace,
And wonders, in new ſtate, at naval grace.
Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon arch, connective, bends:
Where ports were choak'd; where mounds, in vain, aroſe;
There harbours open, and there breaches cloſe;
To keels, obedient, ſpreads each liquid plain;
And bulwark moles repel the boiſterous main.
When the ſunk ſun no homeward ſail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-houſe kind aſcends,

And

And from the ſhoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count ſtill, my Muſe (to count, what Muſe can ceaſe?)
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them ſhall plants, in foreſts, reach the ſkies;
Then loſe their leafy pride, and navies riſe
(Navies, which to invaſive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and ſeas in vain):
The ſail of commerce in each ſky aſpires,
And property aſſures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No ſlave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the ſame laws the ſame protection yield,
Who plows the furrow, or who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfleſs, leafleſs, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and phyſic plenty ſhowers.
Gives fruits to bluſh, and colours various flowers.
Where ſands or ſtony wilds once ſtarv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear:
White ſhine the fleecy race, which fate ſhall doom
The feaſt of life, the treaſure of the loom.
On plains now bare ſhall gardens wave their groves;
While ſettling ſongſters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathleſs woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the ſtep, and viſtas court the view.
See the parterre confeſs expanſive day;
The grot, eluſive of the noon-tide ray.

Up yon green ſlope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landſcapes fade in diſtant ſkies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven diſplays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obeliſks, fanes, ſtatues intervene;
Now centre, now commence, or end the ſcene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, ſoft ſequeſter'd bowers!
Retreats of ſocial, or of ſtudious hours!
Rank above rank here ſhapely greens aſcend;
There others natively-groteſque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel;
And how, while theſe their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;
Thus, in the various, yet harmonious ſpace,
Blend order, ſymmetry, and force, and grace.
When theſe from Public Spirit ſmile, we ſee
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleaſures free;
For ſure great ſouls one truth can never miſs,
Bliſs not communicated is not bliſs.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increaſe;
From peaſant hands imperial works ariſe,
And Britiſh hence with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but deſtin'd to deface.
Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently uſeleſs ſtrike the eye;

(Uſeleſs,

(Uſeleſs, where rocks a ſurer barrier lend,
Where ſeas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
What though no arch of triumph is aſſign'd
To laurel'd pride, whoſe ſword has thinn'd mankind;
Though no vaſt wall extends from coaſt to coaſt,
No pyramid aſpires, ſublimely loſt;
Yet the ſafe road through rocks ſhall winding tend,
And the firm cauſeway o'er the clays aſcend.
Lo! ſtately ſtreets, lo! ample ſquares invite
The ſalutary gale, that breathes delight.
Lo! ſtructures mark the charitable ſoil
For caſual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the ſtage:
The babe of lawleſs birth, doom'd elſe to moan,
To ſtarve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'ſcape the fame defil'd,
If from the murdering mother 'ſcape the child!
Oh, guard his youth from ſin's alluring voice;
From deeds of dire neceſſity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.
Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleaſure ſtructures riſe elate,
To that ſtill worthy of the wiſe and great.
Sacred to pleaſure then ſhall piles aſcend?
They ſhall—when pleaſure and inſtruction blend.
Let theatres from Public Spirit ſhine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!

See! the gay Muſe of pointed wit poſſeſt,
Who makes the virtuous laugh, the decent jeſt:
What though ſhe mock, ſhe mocks with honeſt aim,
And laughs each favorite folly into ſhame,
With liberal light the tragic charms the age:
In ſolemn-training robes ſhe fills the ſtage;
There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
Alive in character diſtinctly ſhines.
Quick paſſions change alternate on her face;
Her diction muſic, as her action grace.
Inſtant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic ſighs, and pity-moving tears;
Inſtant we catch her generous glow of ſoul,
Till one great ſtriking moral crowns the whole.
Hence in warm youth, by ſcenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief aſſign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.
Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She chears the manſion with the ſpacious hall,
Bids painting live along the ſtoried wall;
Seated, ſhe ſmiling eyes th' uncloſing door,
And much ſhe welcomes all, but moſt the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch ſhe bends,
The choir ſhe lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tower, whoſe height the heavens admire;
She rears, ſhe rounds, ſhe points the leſſening ſpire;
At her command the college-roofs aſcend
(For Public Spirit ſtill is learning's friend).

Stupendous

lous piles, which uſeful pomp compleats,
ſe Religion's, and thus Learning's ſeats;
noral truth and holy ſcience ſpring,
'e the ſage to teach, the bard to ſing,
ome draw health from herbs and mineral veins,
earch the ſyſtems of the heavenly plains;
ill from hiſtory paſt times to view,
iers trace old laws, and ſketch out new;
ſaving rights by legiſlators plann'd,
iardian patriots thence inſpire the land.
grant, ye powers, one great, one fond deſire,
anting, bid a new Whitehall aſpire!
it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames ſurvey'd,
elling arch, and ſtately colonnade;
irts of juſtice, ſenate-chambers join,
rious all in one proud work combine!
now be all the generous Goddeſs ſeen,
moſt diffus'd ſhe ſhines, and moſt benign!
s of miſery, attract her view!
ow, hollow-eyed, and meagre crew!
igh perfection have our arts attain'd,
ow few ſons of toil our arts demand?
o the public, to itſelf, we fear,
illing induſtry grows uſeleſs here,
: too populous at length confeſs'd,
onfluent ſtrangers refug'd and redreſs'd?
ir ſo long withdrawn his barbarous train,
eace o'erſtocks us with the ſons of men?
; has plague left pure the ambient air,
vant muſt prey on thoſe diſeaſe would ſpare?

Hence

Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul diſgrace!)
Though born the pride, the ſhame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly ſtreets annoy,
Live but themſelves and others to deſtroy.
Hence robbers riſe, to theft, to murder prone,
Firſt driven by want, from habit deſperate grown;
Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miſerable train;
Torn from, in ſpite of nature's tendereſt cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on every ſide diſtreſt,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds ſuggeſt;
To prop his queſtion'd credit's tottering ſtate,
Others he firſt involves to ſhare his fate;
Then for mean refuge muſt ſelf-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, nor find a home,
This Public Spirit ſees, ſhe ſees and feels!
Her breaſt the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
And what can I (ſhe ſaid) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth ſhall I lead them to ſome happier ſoil,
To conqueſt lead them, and enrich with ſpoil?
Bid them convulſe a world, make nature groan,
And ſpill, in ſhedding others blood, their own?
No, no—ſuch wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go ſterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!

Then

Then range the world, Diſcovery!—Strait he goes
O'er ſeas, o'er Libya's ſands, and Zembla's ſnows;
He ſettles where kind rays till now have ſmil'd
(Vain ſmile!) on ſome luxuriant houſeleſs wild.
How many ſons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to deſtroy?
Bluſh, bluſh, O ſun (ſhe cries) here vainly found,
To riſe, to ſet, to roll the ſeaſons round!
Shall heaven diſtil in dews, deſcend in rain,
From earth guſh fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There ſhall the watery lives in myriads ſtray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unſought ſhall here the teeming quarries own
The various ſpecies of mechanic ſtone?
From ſtructure this, from ſculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to ſhine?
Shall mines, obedient, aid no artiſt's care,
Nor give the martial ſword, and peaceful ſhare?
Ah! ſhall they never precious ore unfold,
To ſmile in ſilver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, reſt unknown?
While food and phyſic, plants and herbs ſupply,
Here muſt they ſhoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes ſurvey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untaſted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the ſavage kind,
Lord it o'er ſtores by heaven for man deſign'd,
And trample what mild ſuns benignly raiſe,
While man muſt loſe the uſe, and heaven the praiſe?

Shall

Shall it then be?—(Indignant here ſhe roſe,
Indignant, yet humane, her boſom glows)—
No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant ſtate,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By theſe I ſwear (be witneſs earth and ſkies!)
Fair Order here ſhall from Confuſion riſe.
Rapt, I a future colony ſurvey!
Come then, ye ſons of Miſery! come away!
Let thoſe, whoſe ſorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone!
Let thoſe enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' induſtrious with, in age repoſe!
Allotted acres (no reluctant ſoil)
Shall prompt their induſtry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long ſtrangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate diſpers'd, by me unite;
Here live enjoying life; ſee plenty, peace;
Their lands increaſing as their ſons increaſe.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and ſhades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd ſtrife,
Various the goddeſs colours human life:
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are ſeen
Moors, marſhes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marſhes, deſolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where ſcreams the mew;

When

prowls the wolf, where roll'd the ſerpent lies,
olemn fanes and halls of juſtice riſe,
wns ſhall open (all of ſtructure fair!)
ghtening proſpects, and to pureſt air;
nted ports, and vineyards green ſucceed,
ocks increaſing whiten all the mead.
:nce ſcience, arts on arts refine;
ſe from high all heaven ſhall ſmiling ſhine,
'ublic Spirit here a people ſhow,
umerous, pleas'd, and buſy all below.
:n, future natives of this promiſed land,
your forefathers ow'd my ſaving hand!
when Deſpair ſuch ſudden bliſs ſhall ſee,
liſs muſt ſhine from Oglethorpe or me!
u the neighbouring blameleſs Indian aid,
e what he neglects, not his invade,
ıot, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
or demand ſubjection never due.
y my ſpecious name, no tyrants riſe,
ry, while they enſlave, they civilize?
, Liberty and I are ſtill the ſame,
nial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
nuſt I Afric's ſable children ſee
d for ſlaves, though form'd by nature free,
ameleſs tortures cruel minds invent,
to ſubject, whom nature equal meant?
e you dare (albeit unjuſt ſucceſs
vers you now unpuniſh'd to oppreſs)
ving empire you and your's may doom
: all ſubdued, yet Vandals vanqiſh'd Rome),

Yes,

Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.
Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unſkill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raiſe),
Sublime, benevolent, deep, ſweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomſon's Muſe, a FREDERICK's ear,
Thus ſpoke the Goddeſs. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her ſons, that, to her intereſt true,
Converſant lead her to a prince like you?
Theſe, Sir, ſalute you from life's middle ſtate,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accompliſh'd, though in wiles untaught,
Careleſs of whiſpers meant to wound their name,
Nor ſneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into ſhame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
Mixing with theſe, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embaſſies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honeſt maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From theſe the circling glaſs gives wit to ſhine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From theſe ſo gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, ſoftening into eaſe polite.
Happy the men, who ſuch a prince can pleaſe!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like theſe!
His condeſcenſions dignity diſplay,
Grave with the wiſe, and with the witty gay;

For

For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe;
Ever ſhall Public Spirit beam his praiſe,
And the Muſe ſwell it in immortal lays.

TO

MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON;

Occaſioned by ſeeing his PICTURE of the celebrated CLIO*.

FORGIVE an artleſs, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depreſs'd, obſcur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when theſe well-known features I peruſe,
Some warmth awakes—ſome embers of a Muſe.
Ye Muſes, Graces, and ye Loves, appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In ſuch pure fires her riſing thoughts refine!
Her eyes with ſuch commanding ſweetneſs ſhine:
Such vivid tinctures ſure through æther glow,
Stain ſummer clouds, or gild the watery bow:

* See Dyer's Poems.

If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure ſome enamour'd God his draught inſpir'd!
Or, if you raſhly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the ſweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if thoſe cheering lights the proſpect fly,
Ah!—let no pleaſing view the loſs ſupply.
Some dreary den, ſome deſert waſte prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my deſpair.
But ſtill, my friend, ſtill the ſweet object ſtays,
Still ſtream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvaſs glows!
Sure the full form, inſtinct with ſpirit, grows!
Let the dull artiſt puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the ſoul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muſcles, ſtrike the mind.
Nor can one view ſuch boundleſs power confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural ſcenes in ſimple grandeur riſe!
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feaſt our eyes,
Now halcyon Peace a ſmiling aſpect wears!
Now the red ſcene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's ſeas preſide!
There long-loſt cities rear their ancient pride;
You from the grave can half redeem the ſlain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharſalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the honours of the day.
But if new glories moſt our warmth excite;
If toils untry'd to nobleſt aims invite;

Would

Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvaſs plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
For him kind ſuns on fruits and grains ſhall ſhine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe.
Through thoſe bright features Cæſar's ſpirit trace,
Each conquering ſweetneſs, each imperial grace,
All that is ſoft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in ſtate.
  Thus ſhall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus ſhall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praiſe!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius ſhines,
While my dim lamp of life obſcure declines:
Dull'd in damp ſhades, it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

VERSES

SENT TO

AARON HILL, Esq.

With the TRAGEDY of SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, expecting him to correct it.

I.

AS the ſoul, ſtript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the milky way,
And views ſweet proſpects there,

II.

This hero, clogg'd with droſſy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright ſcenes around him riſe.

III.

Thy touch brings the wiſh'd ſtone to paſs,
So ſought, ſo long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or braſs,
At once to pureſt gold.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

Printed before the Play from a ſpurious Copy.

TO-night a patient ear, ye Britons lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here, cheaply warn'd, ye bleſt deſcendants view,
What ills on England, Civil Diſcord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial Muſe prepares;
While the red ſcene with raging ſlaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's ſufferings we relate,
Let generous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandſire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekneſs his diſaſtrous fate.
Thus when you ſee this land by faction toſt,
Her nobles ſlain, her laws, her freedom loſt;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then inteſtine diſcord ſhun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourſelves, undone!

THE

ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

Occaſioned by his Grace the Duke of RUTLAND'S receiving the SMALL-POX by INOCULATION.

I.

IN Animalcules, Muſe, diſplay
Spirits, of name unknown in ſong!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an uſeful comment long.

II.

Far leſs than mites, on mites they prey;
Minuteſt things may ſwarms contain:
When o'er your ivory teeth they ſtray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids, in drops, minutely ſwell;
Theſe ſubtil beings each contains;
In the ſmall ſanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

IV.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer ſpirits ſtrike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And ſeek, through pores, the heart again.

V. If

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future Man.

VI.

But, when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, ſeas, nor fire, their frames diſſolve
They matter, through all forms, purſue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When Man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithleſs to his praiſe.

VIII.

In Rome this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the claſſics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, power, and bounty great.

IX.

In Britain, Halifax it roſe;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's ſtrains);
And now it rediminiſh'd glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too ſeldom perfect cures befall it:
The Muſe may term it Beauty's foe;
In phyſic, the Small-Pox we call it.

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t' aſſuage,
They, by admitting, turn its courſe:
Their kiſs will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, ſubtil ſpright
Did with the poiſon in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the ſurface ſkin.

XIV.

And now it, mouldering, waſtes away:
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our Animalcule keeps its ſtay,
And muſt new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the Noble's thoughts are ſeen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's deſires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires!

XVI.

Its priſtine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known
But they, immers'd, no longer ſhine,
Nor equal, nor encreaſe his own.

TO

MRS. ELIZ. HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muſe, unfriended, greets thy riſing name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet merit claims her praiſe;
Nor will ſhe, at her withering wreath repine,
But ſmile, if fame and fortune cheriſh thine.
The Sciences in thy ſweet genius charm,
And, with their ſtrength, thy ſex's ſoftneſs arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As muſic fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The paſſions imag'd in their bleeding ſtrife:
Contraſted ſtrokes, true art and fancy ſhow,
And lights and ſhades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear, and Reaſon, Love's control,
Jealouſy wounds, and Friendſhip heals the ſoul:
Black Falſehood wears bright Gallantry's diſguiſe,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal half appear divine.
If, when ſome god-like, favourite paſſion ſways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,

Great minds lament what cruel cenſure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.
Eliza, ſtill impaint Love's powerful Queen!
Let Love, ſoft Love, exalt each ſwelling ſcene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide liſts advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeneſs France.
Such orient light, as the firſt poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!
A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wiſdom into wild deſire!
Thy Fable glows ſo rich through every page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat aſſuage?
And yet—but ſay if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear perplexities of Love!
Where ſeeming tranſport ſoftens every pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;
Varying from pangs to viſionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it deſtroys!
Say then—if Love to ſudden rage gives way,
Will the ſoft paſſion not reſume its ſway?
Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love retire?
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

AN

AN
APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,
FOR HAVING
LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In Imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon.

CAN I matchleſs charms recite?
Source of ever-ſpringing light!
Could I count the vernal flowers,
Count in endleſs time the hours;
Count the countleſs ſtars above,
Count the captive hearts of Love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs thoſe eyes inſpire!
Pleaſing torture, thus to ſhine,
Purify'd by fires like thine!)
Then I'd ſtrike the ſounding ſtring!
Then I'd thy perfection ſing.
Myſtic world!—Thou ſomething more!
Wonder of th' Almighty's ſtore!
Nature's depths we oft deſcry,
Oft they 're pierc'd by Learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'ſt (like heaven) enquiry vain.
Charms unequal'd we purſue!
Charms in ſhining throngs we view!
Number'd then could nature's be,
Nature's ſelf were poor to thee.

AN

W[illegible] to your charms une
Aw'd, I admire, and trem
Here Art and Genius new refineme
Liſtening, they gaze, and, as they
Can Art or Genius, or their power
But from corporeal organs, ſketch t
When ſound embody'd can with ſh
The Muſe may emulate your voice
Mark rival arts perfection's poin
Each rivals each, but to excel in yo
The Buſt and Medal bear the mean
And the proud Statue adds the poſt
Imag'd at length, the bury'd Heroi
Still ſeems to wound, to ſmile, or fr
As art would art, or metal ſtone ſu
Her ſoul ſtrikes, gleaming, through
Serene, the ſaint in ſmiling ſilver ſhi
And cherubs weep in gold o'er ſaint
If long-loſt forms from Raphael's

Fair, and more fair, you every grace tranſmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæſar, the world's unrival'd maſter, fir'd,
In her imperial ſoul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loſs in beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the ſilver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark reſt by your enchanting ſtrain,
Each ſhade were lur'd to life and love again.
Say, ſweet inſpirer! were each annal known,
What living greatneſs ſhines there not your own!
If the griev'd Muſe by ſome lov'd empreſs roſe,
New ſtrength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
If power by war diſtinguiſh'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then could an empire's cauſe demand your care,
The ſoul, that juſtly thinks, would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muſe's praiſe,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through thoſe eyes enlivening raptures roll!
Sweet through each ſtriking feature ſtreams your ſoul!
The ſoul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inſpires!
Know, then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you ſtand,
What Fate declines, you from the Muſe demand!
Each grace that ſhone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;

Whate'er

Whate'er juſt, emulative thoughts purſue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If godlike boſoms pant for power to bleſs,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redreſs;
In conſcious majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL's POEM,

called GIDEON.

*** The lines marked thus '' are taken from GIDEON.

I.

LET other poets poorly ſing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering fancy wing,
And rival nature's moſt luxuriant ſtore,
To ſwell ſome monſter's pride, who ſhames a ſtate,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
Thou, who inform'd'ſt this clay with active fire!
Do thou, Supreme of Powers! my thoughts refine,
And with thy pureſt heat my ſoul inſpire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verſe may ſhine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once ſet Iſrael free,
So he with ſweet, ſeraphic lays
'Redeems the uſe of captive poetry,'
Which firſt was form'd to ſpeak thy glorious praiſe!

II. Moſes,

II.

Moſes, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's juſt overthrow ſublimely ſung!
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the ſoftening fire!
And, by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endleſs life his mournful lyre.
Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' ſong,
Roll in one channel more divinely ſtrong!
With Pindar's fire his verſe's ſpirit flies,
'Wafted in charming muſic through the air!'
Unſtopt by clouds, it reaches to the ſkies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and ſweetly ſtrikes th' Almighty's ear!

III.

Rebels ſhould bluſh when they his Gideon ſee!
That Gideon born to ſet his country free.
O that ſuch heroes in each age might riſe,
Brightening through vapours like the morning-ſtar,
Generous to triumph, and in council wiſe!
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hyram, Shimron ſhine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!
Great bard! what energy, but thine,
Could reach the vaſt deſcription of their rage?
Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hamar call for aid,

Loſt,

V.

Hail thou, whoſe verſe, a living
In Gideon's character your own
As there the graceful patriot ſh
We in that image bright Hillariu
Let the low crowd, who love un
When in thy words the breath of
Like groſs-fed ſpirits, ſick in pu
Their earthy ſouls by their dull ta
Thy dazzling genius ſhines too
And they, like ſpectres, ſhun the
But while in ſhades of ignoranc
Round thee rays of knowledge
' And ſhew thee glittering in ab

TO THE RIGHT HONO
BESSY, COUNTESS OF R

So, when thy charms celeſtial views create,
My ſmiling ſong ſurmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
Claims my fond wiſh, and fires my future praiſe:
May it, if male, its grandſire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confeſs the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the bleſſing great.

Hail, Rivers! hallow'd ſhade! deſcend from reſt!
Deſcend and ſmile, to ſee thy Rochford bleſt:
Weep not the ſcenes through which my life muſt run,
Though fate, fleet-footed, ſcents thy languid ſon.
The bar that, darkening, croſs'd my creſted claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wanderings trac'd my veins.
Want's wintery realm froze hard around my view;
And ſcorn's keen blaſts a cutting anguiſh blew.
To ſuch ſad weight my gathering griefs were wrought,
Life ſeem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madneſs were eaſe, to miſery form'd like mine!

Yet my Muſe waits thee through the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes will, like thoſe fires, refine,
Thus loſe their torture, and thus glorious ſhine!
And now the Muſe heaven's milky path ſurveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering ſtrays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round ſuns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy ſoul!

Hence

Hence lights refracted run through diſtant ſkies,
Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.
Now a new ſcene enormous luſtre brings,
Now ſeraphs ſhade thee round with ſilver wings;
In angel-forms thou ſeeſt thy Rochford ſhine;
In each ſweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her ſoul, ere this ſelected mould
Sprung at thy wiſh, the ſparkling life t' infold!
So amidſt cherubs ſhone her ſon refin'd,
Are infant-fleſh the new-form'd ſoul enſhrin'd!
So ſhall a ſequent race from Rochford riſe,
The world's fair pride—Deſcendants of the ſkies.

TO THE EXCELLENT

MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH ſoftening charm of Clio's ſmiling ſong,
Montague's ſoul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong,
Theſe blend, with graceful eaſe, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaſte; ſweet-ſounding, yet ſublime;
Wiſdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each paſſion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The Muſes and the Virtues tune thy mind.

VERSES

VERSES
TO A
YOUNG LADY.

POLLY, from me, though now a love-ſick youth,
Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; ſo ſilly, yet ſo witty;
A heart of ſoftneſs, yet a tongue of ſatire;
You've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good-nature:
Now you are free, and now reſerv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing ſmile.
Reproach'd for abſence, yet your ſight deny'd;
My tongue you ſilence, yet my ſilence chide.
How would you praiſe me, ſhould your ſex defame!
Yet, ſhould they praiſe, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I deſpair, with ſome kind look you bleſs;
But if I hope, at once all hope ſuppreſs.
You ſcorn; yet ſhould my paſſion change, or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a ſofter tale.
You love; yet from your lover's wiſh retire;
Doubt, yet diſcern; deny, and yet deſire.
Such, Polly, are your ſex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

THE GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN JOLIFFE, Esq.

A Decent mein, an elegance of dreſs,
Words, which, at eaſe, each winning grace expreſs;
A life, where love, by wiſdom poliſh'd, ſhines,
Where wiſdom's ſelf again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendſhip never truſt,
Nor ever dread from ſudden whim diſguſt;
The ſocial manners, and the heart humane;
A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertneſs knows;
The ſenſe, that unaſſuming candour ſhows;
Reaſon, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no ſect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taſte; thence truth, which will from taſte enſue:
Unwilling cenſure, though a judgment clear;
A ſmile indulgent, and that ſmile ſincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleaſure but to ſerve mankind;
If theſe eſteem and admiration raiſe;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praiſe,
In one wiſh'd view, th' accompliſh'd man we ſee;
Theſe graces all are thine, and thou art He.

CHARAC-

HARACTER

OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

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FROM Codex hear, ye eccleſiaſtic men,
'his paſtoral charge to Webſter, Stebbing, Ven;
ttend, ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
lark Faith, mark Hope, mark Charity, defin'd;
n terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
in well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
irſt wealth, a croſier next, your hope enflame;
nd next church-power—a power o'er conſcience, claim;
n modes of worſhip right of choice deny;
ay, to convert, all means are fair;—add, why?
'is charitable—let your power decree,
'hat Perſecution then is Charity;
'all reaſon error; forms, not things, diſplay;
et moral doctrine to abſtruſe give way;
ink demonſtration; myſtery preach alone;
le thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foſter well this honeſt truth extends—
Where Myſtery begins, Religion ends.

In him, great modern miracle! we ſee
A prieſt, from avarice and ambition free;
One, whom no perſecuting ſpirit fires;
Whoſe heart and tongue benevolence inſpires:
Learn'd, not aſſuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, though not timorous; conſcious, though not vain;
Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthuſiaſt rant.
His faith, where no credulity is ſeen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
'Tis that bright crown, which heaven reſerves for worth.
A prieſt, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to ſect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God:
In him from Chriſtian, moral light can ſhine;
Not mad with myſtery, but a ſound divine;
He wins the wiſe and good, with reaſon's lore;
Then ſtrikes their paſſions with pathetic power;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, perſuaſive charms engage;
Charms, which th' unthinking muſt to thought excite;
Lo! vice leſs vicious! virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wiſe,
Who ſo abhor thy heart, and head deſpiſe,
May ſee thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what elſe is damn'd to fame.

But

But ſhould ſome churchman, apeing wit ſevere,
The poet 's ſure turn'd Baptiſt—ſay, and ſneer;
Shame on that narrow mind ſo often known,
Which in one mode of faith, owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, whereſoe'er ſhe dwells;
And ſure, where learning gives her light to ſhine,
Her's is all praiſe—if her's, 'tis Foſter, thine.
Thee boaſt diſſenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotſon; and Rome, her Fenelon*.

THE

POET's DEPENDANCE

ON A

STATESMAN.

SOME ſeem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardſhips ſpring.

* In this Character of the Rev. James Foſter, truth guided the pen of the Muſe. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modeſt worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praiſe into abuſe. The character and writings of Foſter will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter Controverſialiſt are forgotten.

E.

Seek the great man! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I court fortune, I ſucceed.
What friends to ſecond? who for me ſhould ſue,
Have intereſts, partial to themſelves, in view.
They own my matchleſs fate compaſſion draws;
They all wiſh well, lament, but drop my cauſe.
There are who aſk no penſion, want no place,
No title wiſh, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they ſhould for me obtain
The leaſt, who greateſt for themſelves diſdain?
A ſtateſman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Thoſe love him: let thoſe ſerve him!—why ſhould I
Say, ſhall I turn where lucre points my views;
At firſt deſert my friends, at length abuſe?
But, on leſs terms, in promiſe he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes ariſe;
I truſt, am truſted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endleſs train.
Be poſts diſpos'd at will!—I have, for theſe,
No gold to plead, no impudence to teaze.
All ſecret ſervice from my ſoul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleaſure, or of ſtate.
I have no power, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic ſtrain;
To ſhape, as time ſhall ſerve, my verſe, or proſe,
To flatter thence, nor ſlur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praiſe, if I prevail;
Nor ſhock'd by him with libels to aſſail.
Where theſe are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the Muſe and virtue, birth and wrongs

Wher

Where lives the ſtateſman, ſo in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to ſeek, is but to find freſh pain:
The promiſe broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To loſe that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To loſe the health, which ſhould thoſe thoughts inſpire;
To ſtarve on hope; or, like camelions, fare
On miniſterial faith, which means but air.
But ſtill, undrooping, I the crew diſdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through thoſe, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:
Worſe in my own!—through thoſe, to poſts who riſe,
Themſelves, in ſecret, muſt themſelves deſpiſe;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, diſclaim
Not ſenſe alone of glory, but of ſhame.
What though I hourly ſee the ſervile herd,
For meanneſs honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
See ſelfiſh paſſion, public virtue ſeem;
And public virtue an enthuſiaſt dream;
See favour'd falſehood, innocence belied,
Meekneſs depreſs'd, and power-elated pride;
A ſcene will ſhew, all-righteous viſion haſte;
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly ſhore,
Where falſehood, pride, and ſtateſmen are no more!

But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath ſhall cl
A poet ſtill is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wiſh—could ought my memory
Say, when in death my ſorrows lie repos'd,
That my paſt life no venal view diſclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a ſtate obſcure,
Without the being baſe, the being poor;
Say, I had parts, too moderate to tranſcend:
Yet ſenſe to mean, and virtue not t' offend;
My heart ſupplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope eſteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whoſe writings the beſt rules to write could g
Whoſe life the nobler ſcience how to live.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

DAMON AND DEL

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lay
Truth without anger, without flattery,
A bookiſh mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a ſedate, yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice, when others pleaſure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;

To ſoften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praiſe your own:
A will ſincere, unknown to ſelfiſh views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a Muſe;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A paſſion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltleſs fires,
In ever-eager, never groſs deſires:
A modeſt honour, ſacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when ſmiles you gain;
Conſtant, moſt pleas'd when beauty moſt you pleaſe:
Damon! your picture 's ſhewn in tints like theſe.
Say, Delia, muſt I chide you or commend?
Say, muſt I be your flatterer or your friend?
To praiſe no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a ſiſter ſpare;
Each lover's billet, bantering, to reveal,
And never known one ſecret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all ſighing ſlaves with flippant ſcorn;
An eye, expreſſive of a wandering mind:
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
Intent on ſongs or novels, dreſs or cards;
Choice to ſelect the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to teaze, to ſimper, or to ſing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to truſt,
Whoſe vain, looſe life, ſhould caution or diſguſt;

Him

Him to diſlike, whoſe modeſt worth ſhould pleaſe.—
Say, is your picture ſhown in tints like theſe?
Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let judgment, truth, the Muſe, and love decide.
What your's!—Nay, faireſt trifler, frown not ſo:
Is it? the Muſe with doubt—Love anſwers NO:
You ſmile—Is 't not? Again the queſtion try!—
Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will YES, reply.

TO

MISS M . . . H . . . ,

SENT WITH

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
Raillied with wit polite, or laſh'd ſevere:
Let Pope preſent ſuch objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverſe of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's ſtream * from Windſor's ſhades,
He ſings the modeſt charms of ſylvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
And Luddal's ſpring § ſtill murmurs in my ear:

But

* Alluding to the beautiful Epiſode of Loddona, in Windſor Foreſt.

§ A ſpring near Burford.

But when you ceaſe to bleſs my longing eyes,
Dumb is the ſpring, the joyleſs proſpect dies:
Come then, my charmer, come! here tranſport reigns!
New health, new youth, inſpirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourſe of hearts employ,
Thou life of lovelineſs! thou ſoul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come charmer, come away!
But hark!—immortal Pope reſumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights, inſpire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels ſhine!
Here he pour'd all the muſic of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts, unconſcious, ſung.

ON THE

RECOVERY OF A LADY OF QUALITY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had bleſs'd her conſort's ſight
With amorous pride, and undiſturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.

He

He ſummons each diſeaſe!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire diſtortions, ſtrike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth ruſhes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the miſſile miſchief flies,
The ſanguine ſtreams in raging ferments riſe!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's luſtre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor ſwims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inſpire,
Like ſetting ſtars, ſcarce ſhoot a glimmering fire.
  Here ſtands her conſort, ſore, with anguiſh, preſt,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breaſt.
The Paphian Graces, ſmit with anxious care,
In ſilent ſorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight ſuns, ſucceſſive, roll their fire away,
And eight ſlow nights ſee their deep ſhades decay.
While theſe revolve, though mute each Muſe appears,
Each ſpeaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, liſtening bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer aſcends!—
Great God of light, of ſong, and phyſic's art,
Reſtore the languid fair, new ſoul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thine own bounty 's almoſt rival'd there.
  Each paus'd. The God aſſents. Would Death advance?
Phœbus, unſeen, arreſts the threatening lance!

Down

Down from his orb a vivid influence ſtreams,
And quickening earth imbibes ſalubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, encreaſe of virtue knows,
And art, inſpir'd, with all her patron, glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her conſort's breaſt enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each Muſe reſumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As Health's auſpicious powers gay life diſplay,
Death, ſullen at the fight, ſtalks ſlow away.

THE

FRIEND.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

AARON HILL, ESQ.

O MY lov'd Hill, O thou by heaven deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and ſorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet! — thou friend!
If worldly friendſhips oft cement, divide,
As intereſts vary, or as whims preſide;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendſhip's light,
Or leagues ſubverſive of all ſocial right:

O ſay,

O ſay, my Hill, in what propitious ſphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and ſincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wiſe retire;
There wealth may learn its uſe, may love inſpire;
There may young worth, the nobleſt end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliſs; for wiſdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, ſucceed!
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
  Oft when you ſaw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, ſoft-hinted, taught the bluſh to glow.
Young and unform'd, you firſt my genius rais'd,
Juſt ſmil'd when faulty, and when moderate prais'd.
Me ſhun'd, me ruin'd, ſuch a mother's rage!
You ſung, till pity wept o'er every page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, th' obudrate mother felt no ſhame.
Pierc'd as I was! your counſel ſoften'd care,
To eaſe turn'd anguiſh, and to hope deſpair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when bleſt with ſuch relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.
  From you ſhall never, but with life, remove
Aſpiring genius, condeſcending love.
When ſome, with cold, ſuperior looks, redreſs,
Relief ſeems inſult, and confirms diſtreſs;
You, when you view the man with wrongs beſieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, ſeem th' oblig'd.

All-

All-winning mild to each of lowly ſtate;
To equals free, unſervile to the great;
Greatneſs you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
Greatneſs you ſcorn, when titles inſult ſpeak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekneſs meek.
That worthleſs bliſs, which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe, they ſhun, attracts your eye.
But ſhall the Muſe reſound alone your praiſe?
No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's mine!—
The world's—beneficent behold him ſhine!
Is wealth his ſphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him others wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy.
To orphans, priſoners, ſhall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leiſure active, and in care ſedate;
What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,
In each hard inſtance his advice ſupplies.
With modeſt truth he ſets the wandering right,
And gives religion pure, primæval light;
In love diffuſive, as in light refin'd,
The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,
On all, though with a varied ray, will ſhine.

Ere

With all a people's
His choice admits no pauſe; his
All private, well abſorb'd in pu
He ſhields his country, when fo
Or, ſhould ſhe fall, with her he
But, as proud Rome, with guilt
Spread ſlavery, death and deſola
Should e'er his country, for dor
Againſt the ſons of men a fact
Glory in hers, is in his eye diſ
The friend of truth; the friend
Thus to no one, no ſect, no
His boundleſs love embraces al
And all their virtues in his life
And all their joys and ſorrows
These are the lights, where
feſt;
This, this the ſpirit, which inſ
Through fortune's cloud thy g

AN

EPISTLE

TO

MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL,

In Anſwer to his from the Country †.

NOW various birds in melting concert ſing,
And hail the beauty of the opening ſpring:
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful ſtrains;
Wakes, in thy verſe and friendſhip ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh could my ſoul through depths of knowledge ſee,
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I ſhould o'ercome, or bear the ſhocks of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humbleſt ſtate.
Thou canſt raiſe honour from each ill event,
From ſhocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The Muſe's manſion is, at beſt, but air;
But, if more ſolid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſtructures fall by fortune's ſtorms.
Oft have I ſaid we falſely thoſe accuſe,
Whoſe god-like ſouls life's middle ſtate refuſe.
Self-love, I cry'd, there ſeeks ignoble reſt;
Care ſleeps not calm, when millions wake unbleſt;

† See Dyer's Poems.

Though fate denies what my pr
Yet grant me, heaven, by kno
Thus to enquiry let me prompt
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid
From the pierc'd orphan thus di
Arm want with patience, and te
To ſerve lov'd liberty inſpire m
Or, if my life be uſeleſs, grant
For he, who uſeleſs is in life ſu
Burthens that world, his duty t

Say, what have honours to a
Which he gains moſt, who leaſt
Titles, when worn by fools, I
Yet they claim homage, when tl
When high diſtinction marks d
Deſert ſtill dignifies the mark it
But, who to birth alone would
Honours, if true, from ſeeds o

r view an Equal's hope with jealous eyes;
r cruſh the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
/ ſympathizing breaſt his grief can feel,
d my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
'er among friendſhips let me ſow debate,
r by another's fall advance my ſtate;
r miſuſe wit againſt an abſent friend:
t me the virtues of a foe defend!
wealth and want true minds preſerve their weight;
:ek, though exalted; though diſgrac'd, elate;
nerous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live;
ateful to ſerve, and generous to forgive.
This may they learn, who cloſe thy life attend;
hich, dear in memory, ſtill inſtructs thy friend.
ough cruel diſtance bars my groſſer eye,
/ ſoul, clear-ſighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
rough her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
d lights up Fortitude with Friendſhip's beams.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE

CE-PRINCIPAL of St MARY-HALL, OXFORD,
eing preſented by the Honourable Mrs. KNIGHT,
to the Living of GOSFIELD in ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts and meaner patrons riſe
Prieſts, whom the learned and the good deſpiſe;
is ſees fair Knight, in whoſe tranſcendent mind,
e wiſdom, purity, and truth enſhrin'd.

A modeſt merit now ſhe plans to lift,
Thy living, Godsfield! falls her inſtant gift.
Let me (ſhe ſaid) reward alone the wiſe,
And make the church-revenue Virtue's prize.
She ſought the man of honeſt, candid breaſt,
In faith, in works of goodneſs, full expreſt;
Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
To ſcience moral, and religious truth.
She ſought where the diſintereſted friend,
The ſcholar, ſage, and free companion blend;
The pleaſing poet, and the deep divine,
She ſought, ſhe found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

FULVIA.

A POEM.

LET Fulvia's wiſdom be a ſlave to will,
Her darling paſſions, ſcandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a ſatire known,
Her deeds a ſatire on herſelf alone.
On her poor kindred deigns ſhe word or look?
'Tis cold reſpect, or 'tis unjuſt rebuke;
Worſe when good-natur'd, than when moſt ſevere;
The jeſt impure then pains the modeſt ear.
How juſt the ſceptic! the divine how odd!
What turns of wit play ſmartly on her God!

The

The fates, my neareſt kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, ſtrait pities me.
She, like Benevolence, a ſmile beſtows,
Favours to me indulge her ſpleen to thoſe.
The banquet ſerv'd, with peereſſes I ſit:
She tells my ſtory, and repeats my wit.
With mouth diſtorted, through a ſounding noſe
It comes, now homelineſs more homely grows.
With ſee-ſaw ſounds and nonſenſe not my own,
She ſkrews her features, and ſhe cracks her tone.
How fine your Baſtard! why ſo ſoft a ſtrain?
What ſuch a Mother? ſatirize again!
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! though unkind, ſhe is my mother ſtill!
The verſe now flows, the manuſcript ſhe claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame, each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a ſeparate peace propoſe.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
My wit 's degraded, and my cauſe forſook.
Thus ſhe: What 's poetry but to amuſe?
Might I adviſe—there are more ſolid views.
With a cool air ſhe adds: This tale is old:
Were it my caſe, it ſhould no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to adviſe—
You know—But when are wits, like women, wiſe?
True it may take; but, think whate'er you liſt,
All love the ſatire, none the ſatiriſt.
I ſtart, I ſtare, ſtand fix'd, then pauſe awhile;
Then heſitate, then ponder well, then ſmile.

Madam—a penſion loſt—and where's amend
Sir (ſhe replies) indeed you'll loſe your frien
Why did I ſtart? 'twas but a change of wind
Or the ſame thing—the lady chang'd her min
I bow, depart, deſpiſe, diſcern her all:
Nanny reviſits, and diſgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendſhip whirl with every wi
A reed, a weather-cock, a ſhade, a dream:
No more the friendſhip ſhall be now diſplay'd
By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or ſhad
To Nanny fix'd unvarying ſhall it tend,
For ſouls, ſo form'd alike, were form'd to bl

EPITAP

ON A

YOUNG LADY

CLOS'D are thoſe eyes, that beam'd ſerapl
Cold is that breaſt, which gave the world
Mute is the voice where winning ſoftneſs war
Where muſic melted, and where wiſdom cha
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unk

Could modeſt knowledge, fair untrifling yo
Perſuaſive reaſon and endearing truth,

Could honour, ſhewn in friendſhips moſt refin'd,
And ſenſe, that ſhields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The ſocial temper never known to ſtrife,
The heightening graces that embelliſh life;
Could theſe have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can ſhe die—ev'n now ſurvives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendſhip, love, and fame.

THE

GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

Occaſioned by the DEPARTURE of the Prince and Princeſs of ORANGE.

(Written in the Year 1734.)

MILD roſe the morn! the face of nature bright
Wore one extenſive ſmile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hovering ſilence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffuſion of the main;
When lo! before me, on the ſouthern ſhore,
Stood forth the power, whom Albion's ſons adore;
Bleſt Liberty! whoſe charge is Albion's iſle;
Whom Reaſon gives to bloom, and Truth to ſmile;
Gives Peace to gladden, ſheltering Law to ſpread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,

Rich Induſtry to view, with pleaſing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harveſts riſe.
In curious emblems every art, expreſt,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his veſt.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the ſun.
My words, he cried, my words obſervance claim:
Reſound, ye Muſes; and, receive them Fame!
Here was my ſtation, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William ſtretch'd his naval pride:
I with my ſacred influence ſwell'd his ſoul;
Th' enſlav'd to free, th' enſlaver to control.
In vain did waves diſperſe, and winds detain:
He came, he ſav'd; in his was ſeen my reign.
How juſt, how great, the plan his ſoul deſign'd,
To humble tyrants, and ſecure mankind!
Next Marlborough in his ſteps ſucceſsful trod:
This, godlike plann'd; that, finiſh'd like a god!
And, while Oppreſſion fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious ſhone.
Where Naſſau's race extenſive growth diſplay'd,
There Freedom ever found a ſheltering ſhade.
Still heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bleſs, the BRANCH auſpicious ſhoot!
He lives, he flouriſhes, his honours ſpread;
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
Nurſe him, ye heavenly dews, ye ſunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!
He paus'd, and caſting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the laſt billow ſwells into the ſky,

Where,

, in gay viſion, round th' horizon's line,
oving clouds with various beauty ſhine;
pping from their boſom, ting'd with gold,
forth a ſail, amuſive to behold!
hile its light the glowing wave returns,
like a ſun the bark approaching burns.
and more near, great Naſſau ſoon he ſpy'd,
:auteous Anna, Britain's eldeſt pride!
poke the Genius, as advanc'd the ſail—
looming hero! high-born princeſs, hail!
iarms thy mother's love of truth diſplay,
ht of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
;nity; which, copying the divine,
d, through condeſcenſion, learns to ſhine.
eſs of thought, with prudence for its guide;
edge, from nature and from art ſupply'd;
bleſt objects pointed various ways;
l by judgment's clear, unerring rays.
it manly virtues in her mind excel!
her heart what tender paſſions dwell!
! what pangs did late her peace deſtroy,
't with thee, ſo wont to give her joy!
eav'd her breaſt! how ſadden'd was her mein!
the mother then was loſt the queen.
relling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
uggling ſigh ſtopp'd ſhort her laſt adieu:
ow thy fancied perils fill her mind;
cret rock, rough wave, and riſing wind;
ioal, ſo treacherous, near the tempting land;
gulphing whirlpool, and the ſwallowing ſand;

Theſe

Theſe fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!
For thee her heart unceaſing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wiſhes, and in prayers!
Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The ſand, the ſhoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy to greet thee on the Belgic ſhore.
May future times, when their fond praiſe would tell
How moſt their favourite characters excel;
How bleſt! how great!—then may their ſongs declare,
So great! ſo bleſt!—ſuch Anne and Naſſau were.

E G R Æ C O R U F.

QUI TE VIDET BEATUS EST,
BEATIOR QUI TE AUDIET,
QUI BASIAT SEMIDEUS EST,
QUI TE POTITUR EST DEUS.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man, who, in thy ſparkling eyes,
His amorous wiſhes ſees, reflecting, play;
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, riſe,
And, in ſoft-ſwimming languor, die away.

II.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
In ſounds which love, harmonious love inſpire;
On his charm'd ear ſits, rapt, his liſtening ſoul,
Till admiration form intenſe deſire.

III.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may preſs
Thy lip, ſoft-ſwelling to the kindling kiſs;
And may that lip aſſentive warmth expreſs,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliſs!

IV.

Circling thy waiſt, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breaſt,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxrious charms,
Is all a God!—is of all heaven poſſeſt.

THE

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

Addreſſed to Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, a young Widow Lady of Llanelly, Carmarthenſhire.

ONCE Beauty, wiſhing fond deſire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering Love.
Come, pureſt atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new ſoft texture leave ætherial ſtores.
They come, they croud, they ſhining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form, which Beauty's ſelf ſhall mould!
To mould my charmer's form ſhe all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boaſts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's ſtate,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.

Firſt

Firſt your fair feet they ſhape, and ſhape to pleaſe;
Each ſtands deſign'd for dignity and eaſe.
Firm, on theſe curious pedeſtals, depend
Two poliſh'd pillars; which, as fair, aſcend;
From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large, they riſe;
Seen by the Muſe, though hid from mortal eyes.
More poliſh'd yet, your fabric each ſuſtains;
That pureſt temple where perfection reigns.
A ſmall, ſweet circle forms your faultleſs waiſt;
By Beauty ſhap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.
Beyond that leſſening waiſt, two orbs deviſe,
What ſwelling charms, in fair proportion, riſe!
Freſh peeping there, two bluſhing buds are found,
Each like a roſe, which lilies white ſurround.
There feeling ſenſe, let pitying ſighs inſpire,
Till panting pity ſwells to warm deſire:
Deſire, though warm, is chaſte; each warmeſt kiſs,
All rapture chaſte, when Hymen bids the bliſs.
Rounding and ſoft, two taper arms deſcend;
Two ſnow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, deſigns
Love's fortune and your own, in myſtic lines;
And lovely whiteneſs, either arm contains,
Diverſified with azure-wandering veins;
The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,
The purple treaſure of celeſtial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where Beauty's ſelf appears.

Her

Her ſoft attendants ſmooth the ſpotleſs ſkin,
And, ſmoothly-oval, turn the ſhapely chin;
The ſhapely chin, to Beauty's riſing face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And ſoon ſweet-opening, roſy lips diſcloſe
The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
Here life is breath'd, and florid life aſſumes
A breath, whoſe fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modeſty to raiſe
A beauteous bluſh at praiſe, though juſt the praiſe.
And nature now, from each kind ray, ſupplies
Soft, clement ſmiles, and love-inſpiring eyes;
New Graces, to thoſe eyes, mild ſhades, allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While ſenſe of viſion lights up orbs ſo rare,
May none, but pleaſing objects, viſit there!
Two little porches, (which, one ſenſe empowers,
To draw rich ſcent from aromatic flowers)
In ſtructure neat, and deck'd with poliſh'd grace,
Shall equal firſt, then heighten, Beauty's face.
To ſmelling ſenſe, oh, may the flowery year,
It's firſt, laſt, choiceſt incenſe, offer here!
Tranſparent next, two curious creſcents bound
The two-fold entrance of inſpiring ſound,
And, granting a new power of ſenſe to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what moſt the ſoul can move,
Muſic and Reaſon, Poeſy and Love.
Next, on an open front, is pleaſing wrought
A penſive ſweetneſs, born of patient thought:

Above

At once by knowledge height
The Virtues next to Beauty
For, where they lend not ligh
Let theſe, the temperate ſenſe
And give, while nature ſpreac
The palate pure, to reliſh he
From luxury as taintleſs as yc
The Virtues, Chaſtity and Tr
And mould to ſweet benevole
Thus Beauty finiſh'd—Th
And Love ſtill follows where
From every gift of heaven, tc
To love, to praiſe, and to ad

SENT

MRS. BRIDGE

With THE WA

Tell her, my Muſe, in ſoft, ſad, ſighing breath,
If ſhe his piercing grief can pitying ſee,
Worſe than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's abſence is to me.

ON

FALSE HISTORIANS:

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull proſe is curſt,
Scandals, from falſe hiſtorians, ſpot the worſt.
In queſt of theſe the Muſe ſhall firſt advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd Hiſtory—Lo! at once ſhe ſkims
The viſionary world of monkiſh whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly ſhines,
And vengeance glares from violated ſhrines;
Where ſaints perform all tricks, and ſtartle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that never liv'd, or ſuch as juſtice paints,
Jugglers, on ſuperſtition palm'd for ſaints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be ſhown,
Red-letter'd ſaints, and red aſſaſſins known;
While thoſe they martyr'd, ſuch as angels roſe!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,

Snatch'd

Snatch'd by ſulphureous clouds, a LYE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endleſs flan
Hiſtory, from air or deep draws many a ſpright,
Such as, from nurſe or prieſt, might boys affright;
Or ſuch as but o'er feveriſh ſlumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthuſiaſt-wonder ſtare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall intranc'd! ſome wizard's lawleſs ſkill
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!
Thus Hiſtory, by machine, mock-epic, ſeems,
Not from poetic, but from monkiſh dreams.
The devil, who prieſt and ſorcerer muſt obey,
The ſorcerer us'd to raiſe, the parſon lay.
When Echard wav'd his pen, the hiſtory ſhows,
The parſon conjur'd, and the fiend uproſe.
A camp at diſtance, and the ſcene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan ſtood:
No tail his rump, his foo. no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wiſe cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay ſerpent, glittering to the eye;
But more than ſerpent, or than harlot fly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can ſcape,
The demon ſtands confeſt in proper ſhape!
Now ſpreads his parchment, now is ſign'd the ſcr
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
Wondrous hiſtorian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its ſucceſs—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we ſaw, yet one we ſee,—
One of an author ſure, and—thou art he.

But duſky phantoms, Muſe, no more purſue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine hiſtorian's name!
Falſe ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabricks of fame, by dirty means made good,
As neſts of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all ſtrife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luſcious rapes the cheats of Chartres.
Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Looſe-ſtrung, run gingling into Hiſtory's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As peſts obſcene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monſters floundering in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, Memoirs, Views and Reviews appear,
Where ſlander darkens each recorded year.
In a paſt reign is feign'd ſome amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unſeemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poiſons they ſurmiſe!
No royal mortal ſure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more baſe believ'd?
Or, what's more ſtrange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus ſlander popular o'er truth prevails,
And eaſy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'ſtead of hiſtory, ſuch authors raiſe
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some uſurp names—an Engliſh garreteer,
From Minutes forg'd, is Monſieur Meſnager *.
Some, while on good or ill ſucceſs they ſtare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their ſpring 's unknown.
One ſtateſman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will conteſted character enſue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but ſcan,
He's angel: view him all—he's ſtill a man.
But ſuch hiſtorians all accuſe, acquit;
No virtue theſe, and thoſe no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hear-ſay knowledge ſits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party-libels; from whoſe aſhes dead,
A monſter, miſnam'd Hiſtory, lifts its head.
Contending factions croud to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noiſe no more.
From theſe no anſwer, no applauſe from thoſe,
O'er half they ſimper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in ſenate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir . . . . . in ſome deep debate;
He

* THE MINUTES OF MONS. MESNAGER; a book calculated to vilify the adminiſtration in the four laſt years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Monſ. Meſnager, neither was any ſuch book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently ſaid in the title-page to be tranſlated. SAVAGE.

ems, looks wiſe, tunes thin his labouring throat,
rove black white, poſtpone or palm the vote:
contempt, ſome, Hear him! Hear him! cry;
yawn, ſome ſneer; none ſecond, none reply.
t dare ſuch miſcreants now ruſh abroad,
anket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
they imp falſehood thus, and plume her wings,
preſent characters and recent things?
What untruths! or truths in what diſguiſe!
Boyers and what Oldmixons ariſe!
facts from all but them and Slander ſereen'd?
meets a council, no where elſe conven'd;
, from originals, come, thick as ſpawn,
's ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
ciet conference never held they yoke,
ies ne'er plann'd, and ſpeeches never ſpoke.
, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
ſin from Satan's far and wide they go.
vain may St. John ſafe in conſcience ſit;
in with truth confute, contemn with wit:
ate, contemn, amid ſelected friends;
: ſinks the juſtice, there the ſatire ends.
though a century ſcarce ſuch leaves uncloſe,
mould and duſt the ſlander ſacred grows.
none reply where all deſpiſe the page;
will dumb ſcorn deceive no future age?
, ſhould dull periods cloud not ſeeming fact,
no fine pen th' unanſwer'd lie extract?
-ſet in plan, and poliſh'd into ſtile,
and more fair may finiſh'd fraud beguile;

By every language ſnatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue truſt the great their name,
When ſuch their lot for infamy or fame?

A
CHARACTER.

FAIR Truth, in courts where Juſtice ſhould pre
Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide;
And theſe would vie each dubious point to clear,
To ſtop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Were all, like Yorke, of delicate addreſs,
Strength to diſcern, and ſweetneſs to expreſs,
Learn'd, juſt, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like * Forteſcue humane,
All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, ſo clear, all Science is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In hiſtory, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread;
How far unlike ſuch worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low caſes, roſe a Judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonſenſe thunders,
And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders
]

* The honourable William Forteſcue, Eſq; one the Juſtices of His Majeſty's Court of Common Plea

His brothers bluſh, becauſe no bluſh he knows,
Nor e'er † "one uncorrupted finger ſhows."
See, drunk with power, the circuit-lord expreſs!
Full, in his eye, his betters ſtand confeſt;
Whoſe wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue ſo looſe,
'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuſe.
Still to what circuit is aſſign'd his name,
There, ſwift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Conteſt ſtops ſhort, Conſent yields every cauſe
To Coſt; Delay, endures them, and withdraws.
But how 'ſcape priſoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all ſhall ſtand condemn'd, who ſtand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which elſe would deteſtation cauſe,
Prejudg'd with inſult, wonderous pity draws.
But 'ſcapes e'en Innocence his harſh harangue?
Alas!—e'en Innocence itſelf muſt hang;
Muſt hang to pleaſe him, when of ſpleen poſſeſt;
Muſt hang to bring forth an abortive jeſt.
Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, cenſure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, ſubſervient to ſome murderous will,
Became a precedent to murder ſtill?
Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the jobb to ſuch a ſlave decreed,
Whoſe ſavage mind wants ſophiſt-art to draw,
O'er murder'd virtue, ſpecious veils of law?
Why, Student, when the bench your youth admits;
Where, though the worſt, with the beſt rank'd he ſits;

† When Page one uncorrupted finger ſhows.
D. of WHARTON.

Where ſound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
Why pauſe you ſcornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
Let his own words againſt himſelf point clear
Satire more ſharp than verſe when moſt ſevere.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. JONES,

Grandmother to Mrs. BRIDGET JONES, of Llanell in Carmarthenſhire.

IN her, whoſe relicks mark this ſacred earth,
Shone all domeſtic and all ſocial worth:
Firſt, heaven her hope with early offspring crown'd;
And thence a ſecond race roſe numerous round.
Heaven to induſtrious virtue bleſſing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.
Though frugal care, in Wiſdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what induſtry requir'd;
Yet, at her board, with decent plenty bleſt,
The journeying ſtranger ſat a welcome gueſt.
Preſt on all ſides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence ſevere?
Farewell the friend, who ſpar'd th' aſſiſtant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.

Did

Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
She gave—farewell the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now ſighing ſwell,
Bleſs her lov'd name, and weep a laſt farewel.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

ADIEU, ye rocks that witneſs'd once my flame,
Return'd my ſighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my ſteps along Llanelly's ſhore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
The beach no fierce, amphibious monſter knows;
No crocodile there fleſh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No falſe hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him, whoſe goodneſs means relief:
Yet tides, conſpiring with unfaithful ground,
Though diſtant ſeen, with treacherous arms, ſurround.
There quickſands, thick as beauty's ſnares, annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, deſtroy.
I watch'd the ſeas, I pac'd the ſands with care,
Eſcap'd, but wildly ruſh'd on beauty's ſnare.

Ah!—better far, than by that ſnare overpow'd,
Had ſands engulf'd me, or had ſeas devour'd.
Far from that ſhore, where ſyren-beauty dwells,
And wraps ſweet ruin in reſiſtleſs ſpells;
From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's luſtre boaſt,
Me native England yields a ſafer coaſt.
Chloe, farewell!—Now ſeas, with boiſterous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide:
Yet while each plant, which vernal youth reſumes,
Feels the green blood aſcend in future blooms;
While little feather'd ſongſters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The Muſe exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves the ſwelling notes inſpire.
Sure on this day, when hope attains ſucceſs,
Bright Venus firſt did young Adonis bleſs.
Her charms not brighter, Chloe, ſure than thine;
Though fluſh'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine.
Sequeſter'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whoſe blooming boſom courts retiring love;
Where a clear ſun, the blue ſerene diſplays,
And ſheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;
Where flowers their aromatic incenſe bring,
And fragrant flouriſh in eternal ſpring;
There mate to mate each dove reſponſive coos,
While this aſſents, as that enamour'd woos.
There rills amuſive, ſend from rocks around,
A ſolitary, pleaſing, murmuring ſound;

Then

Then form a limpid lake. The lake ſerene
Reflects the wonders of the bliſsful ſcene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal muſic floats.
There, ſeated on a riſing turf is ſeen,
Graceful, in looſe array, the Cyprian queen;
All freſh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
The goddeſs, riſing from the azure wave;
Diſhevel'd locks diſtil celeſtial dews,
And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuſe.
Her voice ſo charms, the plumy, warbling throngs,
In liſtening wonder loſt, ſuſpend their ſongs.
It ſounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
"Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
"Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, ſay;
And Echo thrice repeats,—"Oh, come away!"—
Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears;
Who, inſtant at th' inchanting call, appears.
Her placid eye, where ſparkling joy refines,
Benignant, with alluring luſtre ſhines.
His locks, which, in looſe ringlets, charm the view,
Float careleſs, lucid from their amber hue.
A myrtle wreath her roſy fingers frame,
Which, from her hand, his poliſh'd temples claim;
His temples fair, a ſtreaking beauty ſtains,
As ſmooth white marble ſhines with azure veins.
He kneel'd. Her ſnowy hand he trembling ſeiz'd,
Juſt lifted to his lip, and gently ſqueez'd;
The meaning ſqueeze return'd, love caught its lore
And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.

Then

Then ſwell'd her downy breaſts, till then enclos'd,
Faſt-heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:
Soft ſhe reclines. He, as they fall and riſe,
Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
He pry'd, he touch'd, and, with the touch was fir'd.
Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
The boy to fear; but, at his fear, ſhe ſmiles.
The youth leſs timorous and the fair loſs coy,
Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
More amorous ſtill his ſanguine meanings ſtole
In wiſtful glances, to her ſoftening ſoul:
In her fair eye her ſoftening ſoul he reads;
To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, ſucceeds.
With conſcious bluſh, th' impaſſion'd charmer burns;
And, bluſh for bluſh, th' impaſſion'd youth returns.
They look, they languiſh, ſigh with pleaſing pain,
And wiſh and gaze, and gaze and wiſh again.
'Twixt her white, parting boſom ſteals the boy,
And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;
Through every vein the vigorous tranſport ran,
Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, ſhe pants,
Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine.
Lips preſs on lips, careſſing and careſt,
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breaſt to breaſt.
All ſhe reſigns, as dear deſires incite,
And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.

Her

aiſt compreſs'd in his exulting arms,
rms, explores, and rifles all her charms;
in ecſtatic bliſs th' expiring fair,
thri.ling, melting, neſtling, riots there.
v long the rapture laſts, how ſoon it fleets,
ft it pauſes, and how oft repeats;
joys they both receive and both beſtow,
s may gueſs, but wives experienc'd know:
joys, like theſe, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
g a freſh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
ie, a new Adonis, lift his creſt,
the florid grace of youth confeſt!
:t him learn to liſp your lover's name,
when he reads, here annual read my flame.
beauty firſt ſhall wake his genial fire,
he firſt tingling ſenſe excite deſire;
the dear object, of his peace poſſeſt,
and ſtill gains on his unguarded breaſt:
may he ſay, as he this verſe reviews,
bright mother charm'd the poet's Muſe.
art thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
n'd with hope, and ſadden'd with deſpair.
n ſome rival did ſhe ſmile too kind?
ad—what jealouſy diſtracts his mind!
ſhe on him? He imag'd rays divine,
az'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
lwelt her praiſe upon his raptur'd tongue!
-when ſhe frown'd, what plaintive notes he ſung!
ould ſhe frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
n, whoſe only crime was loving well?

Thus

Thus may thy ſon his pangs with mine compare;
Then wiſh his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may Love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Though the ſad willow ſuits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never ſigh and bleed, like me, in vain!—
When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other ſcenes my fate ſupplies;
When earth to earth my lifeleſs corſe is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypreſs ſhade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coaſt,
An helpleſs lover's pining plaintive ghoſt;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you theſe ſtrains ſhall ſee,
Juſt ſpare one ſigh, one tear, to love and me,
Me, who, in abſence or in death, adore
Thoſe heavenly charms I muſt behold no more.

TO

JOHN POWELL, Esq.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN me long abſent, long with anguiſh fraught,
In me, though ſilence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the Muſe's aid,
To ſnatch our friendſhip from oblivion's ſhade.

As

As ſoon the ſun ſhall ceaſe the world to warm,
As ſoon Llannelly's * Fair that world to charm,
As grateful ſenſe of goodneſs, true like thine,
Shall e'er deſert a breaſt ſo warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria ſtrikes my memory's eye,
(Cambria, my darling ſcene!) I, ſighing, cry
Where is my Powell? dear aſſociate!—where?
To him I would unboſom every care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithleſs virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed,
Again he loves! he woos! his hopes ſucceed!
But the gay bridegroom, ſtill by fortune croſt,
Is, inſtant, in the weeping widower loſt.
Her, his ſole joy! her from his boſom torn,
What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn?
Can nature then, ſuch ſudden ſhocks, ſuſtain?
Nature thus ſtruck, all reaſon pleads in vain!
Though late, from reaſon yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her memory; but diſpels his grief.
Love, wealth, and fame (tyrannic paſſions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthral.
He ſeeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wiſdom courts that eaſe his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which ſudden riſe, encreaſe?
His candour ſmiles all diſcord into peace.

To

* Mrs Bridget Jones.

To party ſtorms is public weal reſign'd?
Each ſteady patriot-virtue ſteers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while maddening billows rave,
He gains philoſophy from every wave;
Science, from every object round, he draws;
From various nature, and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er every paſt hiſtoric age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each claſſic Muſe delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would diſdain
A pleaſure riſing from another's pain;
Social to all, and moſt of bliſs poſſeſt,
When moſt he renders all, around him, bleſt:
To unread 'ſquires illiterately gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accompliſh'd eaſe,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to pleaſe.
Thus ſhines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
In bliſs as well as worth, is truly great.
Me ſtill ſhould ruthleſs fate, unjuſt, expoſe
Beneath thoſe clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to ſome nobler ſphere, ſhould fortune raiſe,
To wealth conſpicious, and to laurel'd praiſe;
Unalter'd yet be love and friendſhip mine;
I ſtill am Chloe's, and I ſtill am thine.

LON-

ONDON AND BRISTOL

* DELINEATED.

WO ſea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And theſe from commerce different honours claim.
iat different honours ſhall the Muſes pay,
iile one inſpires and one untunes the lay?
Now ſilver Iſis brightening flows along,
ioing from Oxford ſhore each claſſic ſong;
en weds with Tame; and theſe, O London, ſee
elling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
ide, deep, unſullied Thames, meandering glides
d bears thy wealth on mild majeſtic tides.
y ſhips, with gilded palaces that vie,
glittering pomp, ſtrike wondering China's eye;
d thence returning bear, in ſplendid ſtate,
Britain's merchants, India's eaſtern freight.
lia, her treaſures from her weſtern ſhores,
e at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
y warring navies diſtant nations awe,
id bid the world obey thy righteous law.
ius ſhine thy manly ſons of liberal mind;
ıy change deep-buſied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils,

* The author preferr'd this title to that of LONDON D BRISTOL COMPARED; which, when he began piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Councils, like ſenates, that enforce debate
With fluent eloquence and reaſon's weight.
Whoſe patriot virtue, lawleſs power controls;
Their Britiſh emulating Roman ſouls.
Of theſe the worthieſt ſtill ſelected ſtand,
Still lead the ſenate, and ſtill ſave the land:
Social, not ſelfiſh, here, O Learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom ſunk, O Briſtol now,
With native malice, lift thy lowering brow!
Then as ſome hell-born ſprite in mortal guiſe,
Borrows the ſhape of goodneſs and belies,
All fair, all ſnug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feaſt all ſtrangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's weſtern coaſt,
Not elegant, yet coſtly banquets boaſt!
Revere, or ſeem the ſtranger to revere;
Praiſe, fawn, profeſs, be all things but ſincere;
Inſidious now, our boſom-ſecrets ſteal,
And theſe with ſly ſarcaſtic ſneer reveal.
Preſent we meet thy ſneaking treacherous ſmiles;
The harmleſs abſent ſtill thy ſneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts ſuperior find,
The ſneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthleſs ſneer that inſult adds to grief.
What friendſhip canſt thou boaſt? what honours claim?
To thee each ſtranger owes an injur'd name.
What ſmiles thy ſons muſt in their foes excite!
Thy ſons, to whom all diſcord is delight;

From

From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes, their own expoſe:
Thy ſons, though crafty, deaf to wiſdom's call;
Deſpiſing all men, and deſpis'd by all;
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immenſe,
As full of turbulence as void of ſenſe?
Thee, thee, what ſenatorial ſouls adorn!
Thy natives ſure would prove a ſenate's ſcorn.
Do ſtrangers deign to ſerve thee; what their praiſe?
Their generous ſervices thy murmurs raiſe.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air preſides,
Around from breaſt to breaſt inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there ſcatters in a trice
The lurking ſeeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted ſon,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from ſchools,
Will ſcorn all learning's as all virtue's rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honeſt, brave,
Turn a ſly, ſelfiſh, ſimpering, ſharping knave.
Boaſt petty-courts, where 'ſtead of fluent eaſe,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Stead of ſage counſel in the dubious cauſe,
Attornies, chattering wild, burleſque the laws—
So ſhameleſs quacks, who doctors rights invade,
Of jargon and of poiſon form a trade.

So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the goſpel they pretend to preach.)
Boaſt petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
Quirks that explain all ſaving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rigorous may deſcend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that, ſhut when pity would redreſs,
Spontaneous open to inflict diſtreſs.
Try miſdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chaſtiſe th' offender, but deſtroy;
Bid the large lawleſs fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune ſwell;
Cut off from ſervice due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he ſentenc'd lies;
Impriſon'd languiſhes, impriſon'd dies.

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Boaſt ſwarming veſſels, whoſe plebeian ſtate
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boaſt nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.

Boaſt

Boaſt thy baſe * Tolſey, and thy turn-ſpit dogs,
Thy ‡ Halliers horſes and thy human hogs;
Upſtarts and muſhrooms, proud, relentleſs hearts;
Thou blank of ſciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to ſee!
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.

Proceed, great Briſtol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one Juſtice heighten yet thy praiſe;
Still ſpare the catamite, and ſwinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

* A place where the merchants uſed to meet to tranſact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XIII. p. 496.

‡ Halliers are the perſons who drive or own the ſledges, which are here uſed inſtead of carts.

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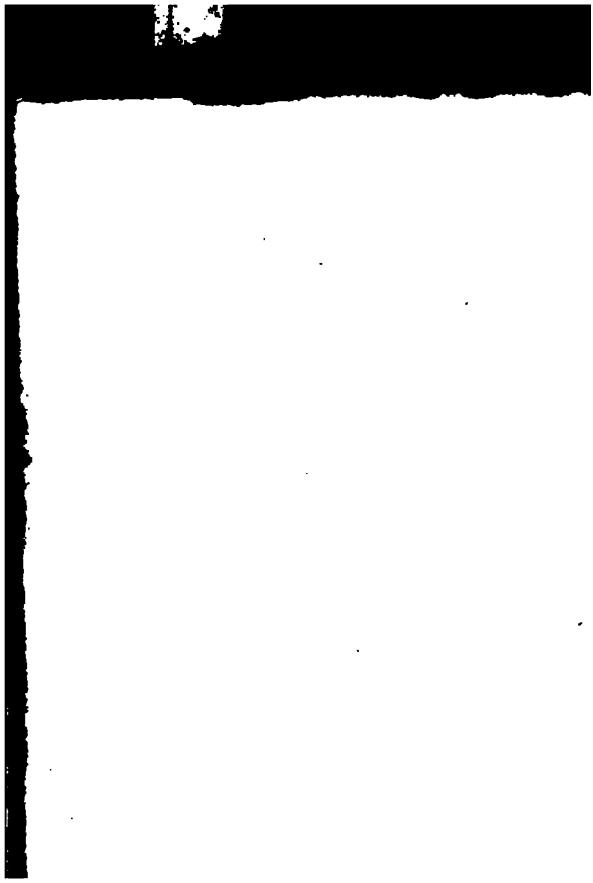
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